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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accom-
panied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no
responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

FOR the first time for over a century the English coast has experienced an enemy's attack. Yarmouth heard the German guns, but Yorkshire has felt them. In the dim light of a winter morning, a German squadron steamed through the fog and for nearly an hour—from 8 a.m. on Wednesday—bombarDED the Hartlepoons, Whitby, and Scarborough. Five of the larger battle-cruisers and two armored cruisers were engaged in the raid. West Hartlepool possesses a fortress and is a military camp, and its shore batteries replied to the German guns with some effect, and none of our guns were touched. Shells fell thickly in the town, set the gas-works ablaze, and caused considerable loss of life and destruction of property. The casualties were estimated in the official news at seven soldiers and twenty-two civilians killed, with fourteen and fifty wounded. It is now known that the number of civilians killed was more nearly ninety. The attack on Scarborough is less explicable, for though it used to have an old shore battery, it has no fort more modern than its ruined castle. Here, fifty shells were fired; three churches, the Grand Hotel, and many private houses were struck. The official news speaks of thirteen casualties, but the real figures are apparently more nearly seventeen killed and twenty-one wounded, and, as usual in an indiscriminate bombardment, half of them are women and children. At Whitby the target may have been the coastguard and signalling station; but, whether by malice or accident, the Abbey, a school, and some private buildings were struck, and two persons were killed and two wounded.

THE crossing of this fast cruiser squadron unper-
ceived need cause no surprise. It was capable of covering

the distance from the German coast to Yorkshire during the fifteen hours of a winter night. It was engaged off our shores by the patrol vessels on the spot, and a patrolling squadron endeavored to cut it off. When observed, it retired at full speed and escaped in the mist. The Admiralty points out that such a demonstration, in spite of the loss of life and damage to property, has "no military significance." The incident, though it has naturally caused great excitement, is regarded by public opinion in a philosophic spirit. It might have been undertaken as a feint, to distract attention from a more serious attack elsewhere, but to this theory the known facts as yet give no support. The most probable explanation is that the Germans aimed at moral effect. They have inflicted some damage on us by disregarding the rules of the Hague Convention, and over this they have congratulated themselves, in spite of the fact that their squadron did not venture to give battle to its pursuers. On us the moral effect will be wholly good, and ought to be worth tens of thousands of recruits to the new army.

By contrast to this theatrical demonstration, a brilliant exploit in the Dardanelles, by nothing bigger than a submarine, possesses real military importance. It resulted in the destruction of an enemy battleship, and to destroy the fighting forces of the enemy is the object of warfare. On Sunday, Submarine B 11, under Lieutenant Holbrook, entered the Dardanelles, dived under five rows of mines, and successfully launched her torpedo at the "Messudiyeh," which was guarding the mine-field. She waited to see the effect of her blow, and then, as the Turkish vessel sank by the stern, ran the gauntlet of the shore batteries and escaped unharmed. As an adventure and an exploit, it is probably the most hazardous and brilliant thing that any submarine has yet achieved since these craft were invented. Neither the Italians nor the Greeks attempted to enter the Dardanelles in the late wars, though both fought outside. The victim ship was an old vessel of 10,000 tons, but she had been re-constructed and was well-armed. A Turkish communiqué naïvely states that she sank after springing a leak.

THE news of the German movements on the eastern front is, this week, somewhat mixed. One definite and admitted success the Russians have secured. The German column which had advanced downwards from East Prussia through Mława to Ciechanów, forty miles from Warsaw, has been defeated and thrown back towards the frontier. Its success would have assisted the whole complex German operation, but may not be essential. On the other hand, the main German forces in the north, which have advanced up the Vistula to the Lowitz-Lodz line, have been reinforced and have again scored a success. The Russians admit a retreat on this front. The German line from the Vistula through Lowitz, Lodz, Petrokow, and Czenstochowa to Cracow appears to be continuous. The Russians seem able to hold the Germans in the central stretches of this long line, but the Germans have none the less been able to withdraw men from it for the more important movement in the south. In the north the Germans continue to claim large captures of prisoners.

THE German threat is evidently most menacing at the two extremities of this long line. South-east of Cracow, their enveloping movement continues. It began well to the north of the Carpathians. It is now being assisted by important Austrian forces, which have carried the Dukla Pass, and are described as "pouring over" it to take the Russian armies in Galicia on their left flank. The usual explanations of the Petrograd correspondents, that the enemy has been "allowed" to carry out this dangerous movement unopposed, for some deep strategic reason, are not convincing.

On the other hand, the Russian column which has entered Hungary has reached Muncacs, nearly a hundred miles behind the Austro-German army, and its presence there continues to favor the separatist peace movement which some of the most influential Magyar magnates are supporting. This movement cannot fail to have been intensified by the disaster in Serbia. The whole eastern position is critical and uncertain. The German official news of Thursday contained an unusually expansive disquisition on Russian successes in Poland, estimated the Russian losses in the last two weeks at the unlikely figure of 200,000, and quoted an alleged prediction of disaster said to have been published by the "Novoe Vremya," in defiance of the censorship. It is probable that the Russian commissariat is seriously inadequate, but the coming of frost may greatly improve the outlook, by freezing the Vistula, which at present protects the German left flank, and enabling the Russians to use sledge transports.

THE Serbians have re-taken Belgrade, and are able to complete the record of a triumphant offensive with the announcement that the only Austrians now on Serbian soil are prisoners of war. A recovery so rapid and complete after an invasion that seemed to have broken their resistance has few parallels in military history. The explanation seems to be that the Austrians, imagining that the Serbians were crushed, withdrew a large part of their army of invasion to meet the Russians on the slopes of the Carpathians. Hungary was anxious and indignant at finding her plains undefended; she may conceivably experience before long an invasion from Serbia. There is little doubt that General Potiorek's army has been practically destroyed, and an Austrian communiqué, with rare candor, admits that it has been withdrawn from Serbia. The Serbs claim in the whole war to have caused the Austrians a loss of 100,000 killed and wounded, and 60,000 prisoners. They have had throughout the war to contend against the difficulties caused by the conformation of their frontier, against poverty, primitive transport, and deficient ammunition, only in the end to beat their own high record in the Balkan Wars. The Montenegrins have also been able to advance, and have retaken Vishegrad on the road to Serajevo.

THERE has been some progress this week in Flanders, which seems to amount to something a little more promising than the usual warfare of trenches. An advance has begun along the coast of Flanders, but the flooding of the country which helped the defence is now embarrassing to the attack. Some points still held by the Germans on the left bank of the Yser have been captured. There has been an advance between Nieuport and the sea, and ground has been won in this area at Lombaertzyde and Saint Georges, and west of Gheluvent. The French have also advanced somewhat near St. Elor. The advance of a third of a mile near Hollebeke, of which much is made in the official news, is important in so far

as very large bodies of men were engaged in it on both sides. The German news tells us that the French have been trying to throw a bridge over the Aisne at Soissons. There is, in short, a sense of expectation and promise all along the front. The withdrawal of German forces to the Eastern front may make a successful offensive possible before long on a much larger scale than anything yet attempted. The tendency is nearly everywhere forward at present, though the rate of advance is not yet much quicker than it has lately been.

THE full story of the work of the Seventh Division and the Third Cavalry Division in operations round Antwerp has yet to be told. Some glimpses at it may be derived from the Army Orders and Official Diary published on Wednesday. These two bodies of troops which landed at Ostend and Zeebrugge to support the Naval Brigade, found themselves very early outnumbered by overwhelming German forces. They had arrived too late, and had to fight an incessant rear-guard action all the way from Ghent to Ypres. They had neither base nor lines of communication, and were pursued by a vastly stronger force. At Ypres they took their stand, and with 30,000 men, held the whole German attack at bay until the British Force arrived from the Aisne. The odds must have been about eight to one, and the fight was kept up only by keeping every man continuously in the trenches, and by using the cavalry for infantry work. The "Times" states that in the infantry division, out of 400 officers who set out from London only 44 were left, and out of 12,000 men only 2,336.

THE perils and losses to which neutrals are exposed at sea during this war has resulted in bringing the three Scandinavian Kingdoms more closely together. The Kings of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark met yesterday at Malmö. An official communiqué defined the meaning of this very natural but none the less unprecedented meeting. It expresses their "good relations," their "complete unity" in the pursuit of a neutral policy, and proposes to discuss the means of removing "difficulties in economic life" created by the war. These difficulties have been heavy, and the German declaration that Swedish wood for England is contraband was probably the last straw. That many of these difficulties have sprung from our own necessities we do not doubt, and if the Scandinavian Neutral League can suggest any way of removing them consistent with our vital interests in this struggle there will be every disposition to meet it. Apart altogether from the momentary problems raised by this war, European peace has much to gain from the coming together of three peoples, united by race and culture, but divided by historical dissensions. The stronger they are, the less will they tempt an aggressor, and all good Europeans and all wise Britons will welcome their association. They have made rich contributions to civilization, and a menace to their independence from any quarter would be a great calamity to the world.

TURKEY's entry into the war has now been followed in Egypt, as in Cyprus, by a permanent consolidation of the British position. Cyprus was annexed; Egypt is this week declared to be a British Protectorate. The change is, of course, only from a de facto to a formal protectorate. There is no longer a doubt as to the Khedive's attitude. He was present this week at the Sultan's side, at the opening of the Ottoman Chamber. Whether any other member of his house will be appointed to succeed him in his somewhat nominal office remains for future decision. In the meanwhile, a High Commissioner has been appointed (the British representative

used to be called a Consul-General), and the first tenant of the post is Colonel Sir Arthur McMahon, a soldier with a long political experience in India.

* * *

IN some respects the most welcome news of the week comes from Germany. The conduct of the German Socialist Party caused profound disappointment not only here but to Socialists in neutral countries. Happily, there is now a break in the clouds, and all good Europeans whose hopes for the future are based on the co-operation of humane and progressive men and women in all countries will welcome the indications that Socialist opinion does not give an uncompromising support to the conduct of the war. Dr. Liebknecht has delivered an important confession of faith in "Het Volk," the organ of the Dutch Socialist Party. Dr. Liebknecht declares that the war is not a defensive war; that it has been brought about by the secret dealings of the war party and diplomatists; that its real object is the conquest of new markets, and that its promoters hope to crush the Socialist movement. It needs great courage, as we need hardly point out, to make such a declaration at this moment, and Dr. Liebknecht has done justice to the tradition which he inherits in making it.

* * *

DR. LIEBKNECHT does not carry the Socialist Party with him, but the Party itself has modified its original position in an important respect. The conduct of the Social Democrats, in condoning the invasion of a neutral State in August, caused profound disappointment to Liberal and Socialist opinion throughout Europe. The Leader of the Dutch Socialist Party discussed this action with German Socialists last month, and reported the results in the "Labor Leader" of November 26th. He was told that the Social Democrats had agreed on their declaration before the party knew of the violation of Belgian neutrality, that the declaration was communicated to the Chairman of the Reichstag, and that in consequence the Social Democratic Party, in supporting the war credit, said nothing to disavow this crime. To nations more accustomed to the spirit of criticism, it would seem remarkable that an independent and advanced party should have decided to give a blind support to their Government without any guarantee as to its policy towards Belgium. In Germany it could scarcely have been a secret that the invasion of Belgium had at any rate been considered in the military plans, and the Social Democrats, by a more discriminating support, might have hoped to influence the Government. It would seem equally strange that any party should have held itself bound to acquiesce in that invasion because of a premature party decision.

* * *

FORTUNATELY the Socialist party have now repudiated the conduct of their Government. Herr Haase, we learn from the "Labor Leader" of December 10th, declared at the recent meeting of the Reichstag that his party was unanimously of opinion that the facts which had come to light since the beginning of the war were not sufficient evidence for them to adopt the Imperial Chancellor's view that the violation of the neutrality of Luxemburg and Belgium was justified by military reasons. Herr Haase himself voted with the majority of his party for the war credits, but an influential section of the minority, including Dr. Bernstein, opposed this course on the ground that the Government were now asking Parliament to endorse their campaign in France and Belgium.

THE present leader of the Opposition and his predecessor have both made important speeches during the last week. Mr. Balfour, in an admirable speech at Bristol, described the war as the greatest tragedy in history. So great a catastrophe could not be regarded as the accident of a day; it was the result of the ambition for domination that had captured the German mind. The crime against Belgium was part of a larger crime, the result of a spirit that was destructive of the true community of nations. We should fight to the last against that spirit, for all men of English speech looked for progress to the contrary ideal, the spreading of the power of international law, and the greater dignity and authority of treaties between nations. Such a contest was not a national struggle, it was a struggle that would determine the future of the world.

* * *

MR. BONAR LAW on Monday discussed the duties of the Opposition, in a speech of excellent temper and feeling. He made an interesting disclosure, to the effect that, on the Sunday before the outbreak of war, he wrote to the Prime Minister to say that, in his opinion, in the opinion of Lord Lansdowne, and of all those of his colleagues whom he had been able to consult, "it would be fatal to the honor and security of the United Kingdom to hesitate in supporting France and Russia at the present juncture." This is an interesting revelation, because Mr. Bonar Law, as we know from his speech in the House of Commons, believed at first that Britain might remain neutral. The Opposition then conveyed a promise of support to the Government, which promise had been loyally carried out. But support does not exclude criticism. Rather there are occasions when it demands it. Mr. Bonar Law said, very truly, that it is a bad thing for a Government to be quite free from criticism. Its mistakes must be exposed and corrected. But for the main purposes of the war the nation was united, and he believed that it would be united for making peace.

* * *

THE indignation excited by the decision of the authorities to place the wives of soldiers under police supervision has spread rapidly through the country. In Manchester and Birmingham, the local authorities have made powerful protests, and the "Times" announced that in Newcastle and its neighborhood—which has supplied the army with a very large number of admirable recruits from the mines—this circular was acting as a serious discouragement. The Secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Federation had stated that his fellow trade-unionists regarded it as an insult, and many other trade unions (including the North Staffordshire Miners' Federation, and a large number of trade unionists and of trade councils) have joined in most emphatic protests. In consequence, announcements have been made by the War Office and Press Bureau to the effect that the circular is, in effect, inoperative, and all that is intended is that women charged with drunkenness, who turn out to be the wives of soldiers, will be treated with special indulgence. This explanation hardly seems to touch the point. Has the circular been withdrawn? Will the list of soldiers' wives communicated to the police be destroyed? Nothing short of a direct and public announcement that these steps have been taken will satisfy the country, and the sooner such an announcement is made, the better. Meanwhile, a curious sentence has found its way into the statement issued by the Press Bureau which speaks of reserving the power of the War Office to transfer soldiers' children to other homes. We cannot imagine that any such power exists, and, if it does, it should immediately be taken away.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ENDS OF BRITISH POLICY.

THE country will be grateful for the speeches of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law, not merely for their material support of the Government, and therefore of the nation in its day of trial, but for their sympathy with the ends which alone make the war worth pursuing. On its primary issues we all, Liberals and Tories, naturally agree. These islands must be kept secure of invasion, and the Empire which depends on them preserved intact. At the conclusion of the struggle we must be in such a position that we can divert a straining gaze from the North Sea to the proper objects of government in a naturally peaceful State. Then many new problems will have arisen. For the purposes of the war Britain has become almost a Socialist State. The railways have temporarily passed under the control of the Government. A great competitive industry, essential to the prosperity of British commerce, is being organized under State aid and patronage. The leaders of the trade-union world have co-operated with Ministers in solving large questions of economic policy. What lessons will these experiments yield? While they have been proceeding, the best thought and energy of the nation have been utilized on a hundred problems of administration, without regard to the artificial isolation of party life. Men of all types of mind and opinion will have got to know each other as they have never done before. Some large, new current of character and purpose must arise as the result of this unexampled union of personalities and social forces. We shall be able to test the question of how far we can go in the task of reconstruction by the way of persuasive general effort rather than by the mere pressure of one party machine or another. The party spirit will not dissolve, but its borders may be shifted or softened, and here and there melt away. These are the speculations of the future; but for the present, the Opposition, recognizing that the country trusts the Government as an executive arm, and that the trust has been deserved, confines itself to such criticism as may be suggestive and helpful towards a victorious issue. The task of breaking, not only German militarism, but the vice of an ascendancy which has been used to build up in peace time a secret conspiracy against this Empire, is no light one, and the nation should attack it as a single political unit. For the peace must obviously be conclusive enough to rid us of the harassment of intrigues such as Germany has carried on wherever she thought she discerned a weak spot in the moral defences of our dominions. She will have to pay for Belgium in hard cash. She will also have to pay in guarantees against the concoction of rebellion in South Africa and India and an anti-British rising in Egypt. Having revived the Napoleonic idea of an Eastern and Western Empire, and promoted it by an army of *agents provocateurs*, she will be bound over to keep a peace which has been broken by her "agents" in Cairo and Constantinople, no less than by her ruler in Potsdam.

But it is not premature to ask what kind of

a British Empire we desire to see emerging from this world struggle. Again, we are glad to find that the Conservative leaders agree that it must be the kind of Empire we possess to-day, only more so. Mr. Bonar Law thinks that it should be based on voluntary service. Mr. Balfour, speaking for "all men of English speech," thinks that it must be fortified by "spreading wide the grip and power of international law," by "raising the dignity of treaties," and by deciding controversies between Governments, "not by the sword but by arbitration." This is nothing more than a rehearsal of Gladstone's and the Prime Minister's doctrine of "public right." That is the banner to which alone true victory clings. We wish to restore for ourselves and for others a common rule of peaceful civilization. Offer that boon to the world, and not merely an ennobling issue arises, but a direct counter to Germany's philosophic conception of empire and its bloody realization in Belgium and Poland. Deny it, and propose instead a series of purely self-regarding objects, beat Germany in war, and offer her the imitative flattery of the conscript nation and the centralized Empire State, and the struggle becomes a dark conflict of one falsehood with another. We ought to sound the recall from it to-morrow, for it could never come to good. If we were essentially a free nation when we went into the war, we ought to emerge from it, in India and elsewhere, freer than before.

In this unity of thinking about the end of the war, the divisions in British politics rightly cease. We, in Britain, desire, not a new Empire, but a new State society. Concerts aiming at such a society are, indeed, largely conservative instruments. To that purpose both parties may well co-operate, for it implies a conservative as well as a liberal element in European life. We all recognize it as proper for Germany to keep her headship of the German type, and for Russia to guide Slav destinies (she has never been able to master them), while the Balkan States federate, and the Scandinavian nations group themselves for defence. But essentially a new ferment is wanted to give vitality to Mr. Balfour's conception of a non-militarist Europe. It is a great thing to break down the military predominance and the moral prestige of the Power which, in 1905, by speech and by action, turned the tide against Russian reform, and a few years later converted the Young Turks into a party of drill-sergeants. But that is not enough. There was a spirit of 1789; there was a spirit of 1848; what is to be the spirit of 1915? And who, on the supposition that victory rests with the Allies, will guide it? Britain, if she does well and honestly; giving the world, first, a general example of disinterestedness; secondly, the offer of an instrument that may truly be called a European Constitution. Is that Utopian? The Gospel of Force will have failed, not before its exactions have ground down each nation into a state of lasting poverty. None of its tenets will hold. Impossible for any country to maintain its existing war budgets, *plus* the enormous capital expenditure needed to replace the lost material, and to invent something still deadlier and dearer. Impossible to see the Hague Conventions in ruins and do nothing to

build them up again. Impossible to reconstruct the double trench-line of Alliance and Entente, from which the nations have merely emerged to kill each other. Impossible not to enter into new bonds for the security of small States. Impossible to leave the Balkans in a welter, and Turkey in Europe and in Asia in the uncontrolled hands of the horde which has kept it desolate. Impossible to leave the sentiment of nationality unsatisfied and at the same time so to crush one great Power as to leave her with an unslaked passion for revenge. Impossible to imagine these changes without a great Council of Nations. Still more impossible not to feel that no mere Congress can effect the change of thought which is to save us from a blind retracing of the errors of the last great European "clearing up," with its legacy of "unhealed wounds, unnatural conjunctions, reactionary tyrants in power, and peoples divided, broken, and enslaved."* Statesmen and diplomatists hint at and wish for such a change, but it is not in their power to realize it without a supporting body of opinion. The common mass of men and women in every country involved in this war, and doomed to suffer years of saddened and straitened lives as its consequence, want it, pray for it, and do not know how to get it. Their full opportunity will come when the Press can speak again and Parliaments meet again; for to-day the "political being" is in chains to the military being. Yet, while we remain silent or thoughtless, we shall do well to remember that unprepared causes, with undirected men and women behind them, are beaten causes, and that the cause we have now to defend is, in plain truth, the life of the world. And the life of the world is something that can only be well conceived and wrought out by those who desire, as the British nation on the whole desires, to achieve it through liberty rather than by the pursuit of power.

H. W. M.

THE MEANING OF THE RAID.

WARFARE has not yet been reduced, even by the scientific strategists of Germany, to the mere execution of a mechanical plan. There is still what one might call a wayward humanity about it, if that word were not ambiguous. Human nature is writ very large over the naval happenings in this war. Months passed without an event of real importance. Then the Germans in the Pacific delivered their crushing blow to Admiral Cradock's fleet. We did not like it; it hurt our national pride in its most sensitive place. With remarkable precision and rapidity we took our revenge at the Falklands, and took it with a completeness and thoroughness that showed how much the issue had mattered to us. The German counter-stroke comes back with a suggestion of prompt, hot anger, and it is exactly the sort of blow which a man will strike in anger when he is thinking less of the end to be gained than of his own feelings and the other man's prestige. The raid on the Yorkshire coast is rather smart than magnificent, but it certainly is not war. It is a theatrical stroke, a playing to the gallery, a second-rate day-to-day, hand-to-mouth performance, intended to make headlines and to be the talk

of clubs and drawing-rooms and public-houses. It is meant to produce what solemn people call a "moral effect," and plain folk a "sensation." It is designed to produce on one shore of the sea an alarm for which there is no cause, and on the other a confidence for which there is no justification. But, indeed, one may interpret it in either of two ways. It may be the action of a smart stage-manager who is watching his effects and is not himself deluded by their cheapness. It may, also, be the spontaneous performance of a rather childlike personality who lacks the power of self-criticism. It matters little which it be. In either event it was evidently a sporting stroke, intended to "wipe out" the Falkland battle and to cause us "loss of face" by a blow dealt on our own doorstep. It is intended, in short, to suggest to Turks and other simple-minded folk that Britannia, after all, does not rule the waves.

This Yorkshire raid was certainly a smart piece of guerilla work, but one is conscious of a certain disproportion between the means and the end. If it had been carried out by a flotilla of destroyers instead of battle-cruisers, it would be easier to admire the elusive rapidity of movement. We used to admire De Wet's achievements in the old days, when he was here and there, and always victor at the head of a thousand horsemen. With heavy guns and several well-found army corps, the same exploits would have seemed a little frivolous. Five battle-cruisers set out, capital ships, Dreadnoughts or super-Dreadnoughts, each powerful enough to blow a small island to pieces, with guns that would have sunk the three fleets at Trafalgar in two broadsides, terrible in attack, and all but invulnerable in defence, churning up the waters with their meteoric speed, and concentrating in every motion the science of all the world's laboratories; they came; they put forth their giant's strength; they smashed—a few jerry-built sea-side villas. The damage done was appreciable; but even from that standpoint one may question whether our bill for bricks and slates and glass will be a fraction of the German bill for shot and shell and coal. To use Dreadnoughts for breaking window panes is not an economical plan. We must not forget, indeed, that over a hundred human beings, half of them women and children, have lost their lives by reason of this exploit. A fraction of the same expenditure in shrapnel, applied at the proper place, which we take to be the trenches, would normally have caused a much heavier loss of life, and the lives in that case would have been those of combatants. The performance, in short, had, as the Admiralty's communication puts it, no "military importance" whatever.

The plain man is instinctively a little suspicious of such phrases, which seem to belong to the same class as "strategic movements to the rear," and turning movements which are "allowed" to proceed. But the phrase has a perfectly definite meaning. The classic definition of warfare in Clausewitz can hardly be bettered. The object of all military operations is to destroy the fighting forces of the enemy, and movements which have no such result have no military importance. The destruction in this case was limited to the very few casualties in the camp at West Hartlepool and the losses of patrol flotilla.

* Mr. Lowes Dickinson, "The War and the Way Out."

If two destroyers were sunk by all this deployment of Dreadnought cruisers, to that extent our fighting force was diminished. If a bridge or an arsenal had been blown up, we should have lost something with a valuable military use; but not even that was achieved.

Such an argument may perhaps be pressed too far, and civilian common-sense is quite aware of the possible gap in its logic. The German squadron did nothing worthy of Dreadnoughts on this occasion, but they have at least proved that a powerful naval force can get across the North Sea unobserved, and get safely home again. It has, indeed, proved that—exactly that—and nothing more. And once more, the ability to do this, as much by good luck as good guidance, on a dark and foggy night in mid-winter, is of “no military importance.” For this is only half the moral of the story. The other half is that this powerful squadron dared not stay for more than an hour of daylight off the English coast, and that brief hour sufficed for the arrival within its range of vision of a British squadron, powerful enough to make flight its wiser course. The exploit proves, in short, that a German squadron can do just this, and as cogently it proves that it cannot do any more. The fifteen hours of darkness in mid-winter just sufficed to enable fast cruisers, steaming at full speed, to get across from Heligoland to Yorkshire. They would not have sufficed, if, for example, it had been engaged in convoying a fleet of transports, for then its pace would have been that of the slowest ship among them. A fleet of transports could have got nowhere near our coasts under cover of darkness, and even if it could have done so, the pursuing squadron must have arrived long before the operations of disembarkation could have begun in earnest. It was rather remarkable that so large a squadron could cross the sea without encountering a patrol-boat. But as it steamed presumably with lights out and would reveal itself rather to the ear than to the eye, there is no need to assume negligence. Its immunity may be set down quite fairly to good luck. Negligence would have begun, if there had been any failure to bring up a more powerful squadron after the German raiders became visible. More than that cannot fairly be demanded of the Navy. It works under such disabilities as Nature imposes, and if fog and darkness handicap it, it has also known at Heligoland how to turn these disadvantages to its own use. We shall certainly not complain because it has not yet soiled its records by bombarding undefended German towns. It will square this account by some method more effective than a reprisal in kind.

The “moral effect” of this particular performance will be what we choose to make it. It does remind us that our island is really involved in this struggle. It is a clear warning that only our own preparedness prevents Hull or Newcastle from becoming as Namür or Louvain. The answer to it will certainly be given at every recruiting station in the Kingdom. So far from destroying our fighting forces, the raid will add to them its thousands and tens of thousands. For the rest, we are too much hardened to feel any freshness of indignation over the German violation of the rules of civilized warfare. The facts cannot be ignored, but it is more dignified to speak of

what others have suffered by German lapses, than to dwell on our own experiences. West Hartlepool was a fortified place and it defended itself. It was fair game for an attack. We do not understand the description of Scarborough in the German official news as a fortified place. It has some picturesque ruins of an ancient castle. It has no fort. It may have some field artillery belonging to the troops stationed there in training. In no fair sense of the word was Scarborough “defended,” and at none of the three towns was any intimation of bombardment given. The Germans themselves are silent about Whitby, for even the ruins at Whitby are not military. It is legitimate to destroy a coastguard station, a signalling station, and even a railway, and to bombard military camps, and it is at any rate possible that bad gunnery explains why more than this was done at Whitby, where the coastguard station was apparently the target. The “Emden,” which shelled the oil tanks at Madras but spared the houses, showed a proper sense of what is legitimate destruction and what is not. The Germans will achieve the “moral effect” which they deserve. We could wish, for the sake of the future relations of our two peoples, that their sailors had shown a humanity equal to their daring.

NATIONALISM AND LIBERTY.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT remarked very justly earlier in the war that the most significant fact about it was the almost unanimous condemnation of Germany by popular opinion in the neutral countries. The character of German rule and German Imperial politics has been of more vital interest to Continental peoples than to us, and the ordinary Briton has thought of the German in a spirit of admiration as the man who cared most about education, or in a spirit of envy as a pushing and successful competitor in commerce, or in a spirit of sympathy as a fellow trade unionist from whom something might be learned by other countries. The aspect of Germany which is summed up in the motto that her statesmen and her thinkers would accept as expressing the spirit of their policy, “*Oderint dum metuant*,” meant much more to her neighbors than to us. Such an incident as that which has immortalized the garrison of Zabern was a rude reminder of the spirit in which the Prussian still ruled the fellow Europeans whom he had forced into his Empire more than forty years earlier. The population of Alsace is predominantly German-speaking, annexation had brought great commercial advantages, and yet these provinces are as much French in heart as they were when the “*Marseillaise*” was composed at Strassburg. The same thing has happened in the East. Every kind of method has been employed to Germanize Posen, but no method has succeeded. Living apart in our island security, we have taken a comparatively cold interest in this side of German politics, but for her nearer neighbors it has possessed an ominous significance. A Power which sets out with such ruthless and methodical consistency to crush everything that is alien in spirit, race, religion, history, language, or any other of the elements of civilization, may be feared by its neighbors, but it is not likely to be loved by them.

In the neutral countries, then, it is generally agreed that the liberties of other nations depend on the issue of this war. If Germany were to win, no small nation would breathe freely; no non-German people would be happy about its future. The fatal history of Prussia, starting, like Ulster, as an outpost rather than as a people, gives the German politics and aims that passion for ascendancy which is the enemy of the freedom and tranquil development of Europe. A German victory would merely reproduce elsewhere in Europe the situation of Alsace-Lorraine, and as all western peoples would agree that there is already one Alsace-Lorraine too many, they have no illusions as to the price civilization would pay for that victory. People may argue and quarrel as they please about the historical origins of the war, but the consequences of a German victory can escape nobody who is familiar with the system of government that follows the German flag. But the issues of freedom depend on the result of this war in another sense also. We have to beat Germany not only to save Europe from the aggrandisement of this sinister form of tyranny. We have to beat her also, as Mr. Bernard Shaw puts it, in order to prove to the world that the system that is so destructive of human happiness and human freedom is not successful in producing a military power which other nations cannot withstand. Germany is showing what sacrifices a people can make, with what resolution it will spend life, money, happiness for this ideal of ascendancy. Britain and France standing for the opposite principle of freedom and equality have to match and to surpass that triumph of devotion. For if these principles are in conflict in the most dramatic and conspicuous form in this war, they are in unceasing conflict in the minds of men, races, nations, governments, and thinkers. We have, therefore, to teach governments all over the world that national strength is not gained or kept most securely by grinding other races under foot. Germany thought that we were weak, just because we had abandoned a policy which she thought no race would abandon if it still possessed vitality and spirit. We know that when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman gave self-government to the Dutch States in South Africa, the Empire received an accession of strength not to be measured in terms of military power. We know again that when Fox said that the true Irish policy was the policy that would make the people of Ireland into its garrison, he anticipated the policy that has made Ireland herself a source of power rather than of weakness to the Empire. What Germany admires is the policy we applied to Ireland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and we seem to be decadent because we do not govern by the methods she employs in Alsace-Lorraine. We are fighting as an empire which has sought and is seeking strength in conciliation, and Germany fights as an empire that relies on coercion. The issue of such a contest is of manifest moment to the human race.

So much is clear, but when we come to face the rebuilding of Europe, great and bewildering difficulties present themselves. The victory of the Allies was the vital interest of Europe in 1815, as it is again a century later. But, having won for Liberal ideas the right to

live, on what principles are we going to act when we try to save Europe from another catastrophe? There is an interesting article in the "Round Table" discussing the history of modern Europe as the play of the rival forces of national movements and Liberal movements, the first being the movement that has made peoples self-conscious and inspired nations to struggle for unity and freedom, the other the movement that has sought to find grounds of common action between nations. Both movements may be said to have their origin in the French Revolution. The two have often been sympathetic rather than opposed to each other, and, with one single but ominous exception, the national movements were Liberal. The Liberal movement, on the other hand, has sometimes been disregarding of national feeling and national freedom—the impulse of a despot to impose peace and concord on the world. The peace of the Balkans, for example, was kept for years by the pacific policy of powerful neighbors, when nationalist forces threatened to disturb it. Now it is clear that the peace of the future must not depend on any such machinery or power; and that nationalist aspirations must be recognized in any settlement that deserves the name. In trying to find a living Concert of Europe we must secure some kind of uniformity. The Congress of Vienna tried to make legitimacy the canon of uniformity throughout Europe. Germany seeks such uniformity in the universal acceptance of German culture. Each has represented a reaction. We have now to find a standard of uniformity which will satisfy different and equal nations. The writer of the article regards the British Empire as the successful harmony of common and separate interests, and he thinks this the model for Europe. Ultimately he would hope for a single European Government, under shelter of which every nationality would have the right to use its own language, develop its own culture, and follow its own domestic way of life. But this is not immediately practicable, and he therefore hopes to see, as a stage to such a goal, the acceptance by all States of this right of nationality, a certain common law governing not only the relations of European States to each other, but their relations to the extra-European world, and the grouping of the smaller States of Europe in voluntary federations. The difficulties of any such plan are obvious enough, but it serves to bring into relief the main problems that await solution, and the impossibility of making any successful settlement out of a policy that does violence to nationalist sentiment. Meanwhile, for our part, we have to see that we can make good within our own Empire the proud claim that is made for it, and the conduct of the people of India, Ireland, and South Africa should be a powerful inspiration and incentive.

THE WAVERING EAST.

WAR is a harsh test of any alliance, and the perpetual alliance known as the Dual Monarchy is no exception to the rule. The stress of defeat and misfortune is visibly straining the link that binds Hungary to Austria, and it is possible that the rift may widen further, if the war should be prolonged for many months. The Hungarian

troops have taken their share of the fighting and borne its losses in full measure. But as yet the brunt of the blow has fallen on Galicia, which is an Austrian province. It is apprehension for the future rather than any indignation over the past which explains the present angry mood of Budapest. Columns of Cossacks have descended more than once through the Carpathian Passes into the Hungarian plains, but their visits have been neither permanent nor specially disastrous. What has unnerved the Hungarians is the discovery that their own national troops, fighting under German direction in Western Galicia and Southern Poland, were not available to repel the invasion. It seemed to Magyar eyes a strategical disposition, aptly calculated to preserve German Silesia, but ill-devised to protect Hungary. The result has been much unofficial talk about independence, the holding of peace meetings which the police were unable to stop, and an official visit by Count Tisza to the German Headquarters. This visit evidently had its effect. It may have been one factor in the decision of the German Staff to prosecute the war on the Eastern front henceforth as its principal preoccupation. It is even more clearly reflected in the energetic Austro-German advance to the south-east of Cracow. That movement is designed to relieve the pressure on Cracow, and close the road to German Silesia, and to make it difficult for the Russians to push their advance into Hungary through the Carpathians. This concession to political considerations was probably inevitable. But the Magyars, a little easier about the menace from the north, are now exposed to an equally serious and more humiliating threat from the south. To check the enemy in the north, large forces were withdrawn from Serbia. The consequence has been that the Serbs have inflicted on the Austrians one of the heaviest defeats sustained by any army in this war. In courage, the Serbs are the equals of any West-European troops, and they entered this war with an experience of recent victory which no other army in the field could boast. There need be no shame in the defeat which they have inflicted, but shame is none the less the dominant feeling in Hungary. The Magyars have always despised the Serbians, not merely because they are a small people, with an undeveloped civilization, but also because they know them at home as a subject race. To be defeated by the brothers of the local Serbs, whom they are accustomed to treat as a sub-human race, is a heavy blow to the pride of an arrogant ruling caste.

The problem, when once the certainty of loss and defeat comes home to Budapest and Vienna, is intricate and difficult. This point has not been reached as yet, but the possibility at least is contemplated, and the pessimists have begun to discuss their measures. There are three possible courses. Austria and Hungary may both elect to maintain their union with Germany and with each other to the bitter end. The arguments for this course will diminish as the German armies seem less able to win victories. While the success at Lodz filled the horizon they might prevail, only to vanish before fresh events. The second possibility is that Austria and Hungary should hold together, but should abandon their German ally and conclude a separate and early peace.

If "necessity knows no law" in Berlin, it may be as imperious in Vienna; and reports, which seem to have authority, announce that Austro-Hungary has already put out feelers for a separate peace. There would be two main advantages in such a course. In the first place, an early peace might mean a comparatively easy peace; in the second place, while there are only Russia and Serbia to satisfy to-day, there may, if the war continues, be Italy and Roumania to appease to-morrow. It would cause a wrench to abandon Galicia and Bosnia, but to go on fighting for these provinces might be to endanger Trieste and Transylvania as well. If the defeat of the German Powers seemed as inevitable to the Austrian mind as it seems to ours, the treaty bond would with difficulty prevail against the arguments for a separate peace. The third possibility would be that Hungary should break away from Austria altogether and make her own terms with Russia and Serbia. This is not, to our thinking, a probable course, and if some ultra-Nationalistic Magyars talk openly of it, the explanation may be that they are bluffing in the hope of inducing the Dual Monarchy as a whole to make peace on pain of disruption.

This is indeed a counsel of despair. The last thing that any average Magyar magnate desires is an un-Imperial and purely national existence. Shut off from the sea, dependent solely on her own military and economic resources, Hungary would find herself reduced to the level of a big Balkan State. She would with difficulty resist the claims of Roumanian and Serbian irredentism. Her access to the Adriatic at Fiume would be threatened by the new Great Serbia. Her only safety would be to forget her old imperial pride, to turn her face to the east, and to enter a Balkan Confederation on equal terms with races whom she has always affected to regard as inferiors. Defeat might impose such a destiny upon her, but she would not embrace it voluntarily. It might be, none the less, the best solution of the Eastern question; for such a Balkan Confederation, if it could really achieve unity and permanence, would be able to make itself independent of the neighboring empires. But for that very reason the other Powers are not at all likely to facilitate its creation.

The arguments which tell in favor of some separate action by Austria are strong just so long as Italy and Roumania maintain their expectant and menacing neutrality. If once they enter the territory of the Dual Monarchy its fate will be sealed, and no self-regarding manœuvre will any longer avail to save it. The probabilities seem now to be that these two neutrals will act, if they decide on action, in concert. A current of opinion in Italy which deserves respect thinks that it would be difficult to attack a Power to which Italy is still nominally bound by a defensive alliance. Roumania, too, may be reluctant to do anything which would strengthen Russian prestige, but such a consideration is doubtless outweighed by the clear gain of acquiring Transylvania with its three million Roumanian inhabitants. The sentimental objection that Roumania's King is a German Prince, probably counts for more at the Roumanian Court than in the Roumanian Cabinet. One deterrent factor is definitely removed. Bulgaria

may observe neutrality to the distant end of this war, but the chance is gone that she might assist Turkey or Austria, or attack Serbia or Roumania. On the other hand, the prospect of her intervention on the side of the Allies has not yet been realized. What the Bulgarians want is Macedonia, and unless the Allies can arrange definitely that the Serbs will evacuate the Bulgarian lands which they hold there, in return for the ample conquests for which they may hope along the Adriatic, it is probably vain to hope that Bulgaria will actively assist their cause. No one who is candid and well-informed doubts that the Slavs of Macedonia are ardently Bulgarian by choice, and more nearly Bulgarian than Serbian by race and language. It is equally notorious that the Serbs have denied them all political and many elementary civil rights. Serbia can win Bosnia and Dalmatia, whatever her own valor may be, only by the aid of the Allies, who have every right to make their own terms. It ought to be a cardinal point of their policy that Macedonia must be restored to Bulgaria, not merely because it would link her interests to the Allied cause, but also because the peace of the East will never be secure until the cardinal doctrine of nationality is recognized by such a re-arrangement. In so far as Greece might feel herself aggrieved by an enhancement of Bulgaria's power, compensation might well be provided by a cession to her, after the war, of Cyprus, an indubitably Greek island, which we cannot consistently hold while we take the principle of nationality as our watchword. The bartering of other people's territories and the purchase by bargaining of other people's armies would be a repugnant task, reminiscent of the old dynastic diplomacy. We urge no such undertaking. Let us rather follow out the doctrine of nationality consistently. To that flag the nations will rally.

MILITARY AND CIVIL JUSTICE.

THE extension of the notions of military law within the British Empire during the last fifteen years may be treated by the historian as a leading symptom of the weakening hold upon certain fundamental principles which gave to our Constitution, along with many absurdities and defects, a unique human value. We, however, cannot afford to look on the matter as philosophic historians, for we are in the middle of a desperate controversy. The new Defence of the Realm Act has become law, subject only to a pledge on the part of the Government, extracted by Lord Loreburn and Lord Halsbury, that no death-sentence shall be executed under it until Parliament meets again, when an opportunity is to be given for the discussion of an Amending Bill. For certain purposes this measure places the entire civil population under military law. Thus, if a man is suspected of communication with the enemy, or of offending against any regulation desired to secure the safety of the forces, he will not be brought before a judge and jury, but before a tribunal of officers, and if these officers think him intentionally guilty they may order his death. Now we would not show the smallest mercy to anyone intentionally assisting the enemy, and if the death penalty were

to be inflicted for such a crime by an ordinary court we should have no objection to make.

But before a man is punished, we do like to be sure that he is guilty. We know, as all know, that safeguards against the hasty condemnation of the innocent, particularly in times of great public emotion, are difficult to maintain, and that our law courts have in the slow process of the ages built up a machinery which may be imperfect, but is the best hitherto attained for the discrimination between innocence and guilt. All know, too, that military courts have not the experience, the conditions, or the *personnel* for the sifting of evidence, and, in particular, for such wide questions as the imputation of intention or motive. "Courts-martial," said a great Tory lawyer, Lord Parmoor, "have neither the experience nor the procedure that our ordinary courts have. They have not, in fact, the safeguards that we have built up in the Civil Courts in order to protect an innocent man who may be wrongly charged." Without supposing that such a court would take an unduly harsh view of its duties, we ask why the skilled, trained, experienced court should be set aside in favor of a tribunal consisting of men whose duty it is to do something quite different from judging questions of guilt or innocence. For such a revolution in methods of justice there are two legitimate defences. One is that owing to invasion, civil war, or other disorder the ordinary courts are unable to sit. This could only apply to our country in a state of invasion, which happily does not exist. If the present Act had merely contemplated such a possibility and provided in that case for the establishment of military tribunals in the affected area, there could again be little objection to make. But the Act in question applies to the United Kingdom as it is to-day, with every court sitting and tranquilly deciding cases of all kinds precisely as in days of profound peace. "This Bill," said Lord Loreburn, "proposes to place the life of the British subject at the mercy of a military Court-martial, even though the Court of Assize were sitting within fifty yards." The second reason is equally unavailing. It would be that there is serious difficulty in getting verdicts under the ordinary law. It is superfluous to say that there is no reluctance on the part of juries to convict.

The abolition of one of the most important of civil rights—the right of the accused to be tried by his peers in accordance with all the laws of evidence and procedure which have been formed for the restraint of prejudice and the security of justice—thus stands out as a serious weakening of the elements of civil liberty. This is not to say that military courts will abuse their power. They will doubtless act honestly according to their judgment. But what are they to judge? They may have before them editors accused of spreading false reports—say, that Lille or Dixmude has been recaptured. This would be a fairly definite charge. Its appropriate treatment would be in an ordinary court under a charge of crying false news, such as occasionally brings to punishment some newsboy who makes a few pence by the proceeding. If proprietors who make many thousands of pennies by false posters were similarly punished no one but themselves would complain. But distinguished from false

reports are "reports likely to cause disaffection to his Majesty," which might, of course, be construed to include any adverse criticism of his Ministers who act in his Majesty's name. Then, again, there are reports likely "to prejudice his Majesty's relations with foreign Powers." Such reports, be it observed, need not be false. They are separated from false reports by the disjunctive particle "or." But they might cover a wide field. What, for example, of the programme tending to the Russification of Finland? We now have grounds for hope that this represents merely a tendency which will come to nothing. But it is possible to take another view. Supposing we think that the matter should be threshed out in the press. If we refer to this process—we do not say comment on it, or express any contentious opinion on the subject, but merely record what has been reported from Finland as fact—do we run the risk of being imprisoned? Probably not. In fact, we do not tremble, but, in theory, reports of the Russian proposals for Finland might quite honestly be taken as prejudicial to good relations with a valuable ally.

What, again, of reports of military movements? These are already censored, even when the facts are clearly known to the enemy. To publish them may now be deemed an offence punishable by a military tribunal. The only object which such a measure can have is, so far as possible, to discourage public criticism and discussion of the war both in its military and political aspects, and to place us as a nation more completely under the military authorities than we have been since August 4th. Yet this measure, with the immense powers that it confers, with the breach that it effects in ideas on which as Englishmen we have most justly prided ourselves, is passed almost without a word through a House of Commons in which the majority of members were elected to forward measures of constitutional freedom. It met with effective criticism only in the House of Lords, and that not only from great Liberals like Lord Loreburn and Lord Bryce, but from two such strong Conservatives as Lord Halsbury and Lord Parmoor. Lord Halsbury gave us a touch of that true conservatism which, as a rule, we look for in vain in the utterances of politicians, "I see no necessity for getting rid of the fabric of personal liberty that has been built up for many generations." At a period of panic, urged Lord Parmoor, it is all the more necessary that the subject should enjoy the ordinary protection of the law. These great lawyers made a memorable protest, to which Lord Crewe and Lord Haldane could only oppose the ordinary plea of rectitude of intention. We cherish the hope that when Parliament meets again the seed which they sowed may be found to have sprung up, and that among the representatives of the people there will be some found, we will not say to abolish this measure—for some of its provisions are probably necessary—but to restrict its operations to those times and circumstances under which it can be justified—that is to say, to times and circumstances under which the ordinary courts are unable to exercise their functions. This inability is the one sound measure of the legitimacy of military justice. It certainly did not exist at any hour during the German raid.

A London Diary.

I DOUBT whether the country required the Admiralty's assurance that the German raid was without military significance. It was the brutal act of a brutal Power, and if the murder of a few men, women, and children, living in open seaside towns is a thing to "hearten" the flagging German spirit, its object will have been accomplished. But the country has made an instant distinction between a raid conducted by half-a-dozen of the fastest German ships, going at full speed through the night, throwing a few shells, and at once turning back, and an expedition whose speed would be measured by the slowest transports. Judging by Wednesday's time records, such an expedition would have been caught again and again. But for the falling of a sudden seamist, the raiders would have been fought and demolished, and, even as things were, they did not escape unscathed. Such incidents (though not too many of them) one is content to regard as inevitable, unless the policy of the Admiralty is changed to that of "bottling up," which would merely expose our guarding ships to dangerous attack by submarines. But there is, I think, a strong feeling that the Government ought at once to offer to compensate the sufferers. They have power to do this under the War Votes already taken, and have specified the purpose. Much valuable property has been destroyed, and much innocent suffering caused. That is a kind of sympathy which the nation has a right to expect from its leaders in a distressing, though not in the least a dangerous, happening.

I HOPE it may now be said with confidence that the Finnish programme will remain a programme, and will never become law. The Russian Government seem to take this view. The Commission from which it issued has been sitting for two years. At the end of that period its report appeared normally. There, I am assured, it will end. The Government will not take it up, and thus far the Finnish situation will not be altered for the worse. Possibly some of the trouble arose from Germany's playing of her accustomed part of *trouble-fête*. This included a generous offer of Finland to Sweden—which would not have it at any price—coupled with a lavish outpouring of a quite different set of promises to the Finns themselves.

No one will be greatly surprised that the Government has taken steps to "regularize" our position in Egypt. When I was last there recourse to a Protectorate was thought to be coming and to be inevitable, and now that the Khedive has turned from a secret to an open foe, and Turkey herself is at war, the reasons for hesitation have disappeared. No one can now keep or help Egypt but ourselves. Least of all will the Khedive be missed. His private relationships were repellent to correct Mohammedan notions. His reputation as a Governor was compromised by his greed for gain, and his absorption in his own business interests, which were very large. His party has long been dwindling, and it is identified with the least progressive forces in the country. Now it represents nothing that a good Government need conciliate.

So far, only certain parts of the country have had an opportunity of responding to the Asquith-Law-Henderson recruiting circular, but I hear that even in its incomplete state the response shows a spirit which makes it certain that there will be no failure of the voluntary principle. This, I should explain, was the position just before the German coast raid. Since that incident the returns must have been better still.

THERE are some significant items from Germany. A maximum price has been fixed for potatoes and potato-products, and the attempt of some dealers in Mainz to avoid selling at it has been defeated by the municipal officers seizing the goods and bringing them to market. There is something like a famine of petroleum—due to the stopping of supplies from Galicia and Roumania. Cheap and middling butter is hardly to be had in Berlin. Coal prices are being raised in the Prussian State mines. There is a dearth of wool for military clothing. A strong demand has been made on the Government to take over the whole question of the supplies necessary for feeding the people, and orders have been given by the General Commanding in the military district that includes Berlin, urging the greatest economy in the use of corn, flour, and bread. Bread, whether white or black, is no longer to be placed before the bakers' customers unless they ask for it. "If," says one paper, "we continue heedlessly to consume wheat at the same rate as up to the present moment, we shall have completely used up our supplies by the end of May, 1915."

THE war is raising a number of economic questions, most of which will have to wait for profitable discussion until we see how things turn out. But there is one question worth asking, to which an answer can be given now. How is the dearth of labor affecting agricultural wages? Here is an industry short of labor, at any rate in some parts of England, which is doing well out of the war, and stands to do well in the future. Somebody like Mr. Lennard, who published a striking book this year, showing that there were special conditions tending to keep wages abnormally low in agriculture, and arguing in favor of a minimum wage on that ground, should note carefully what is happening under these circumstances. A friend of mine, who has inquired in his neighborhood, tells me that there wages have not risen at all; they are still 2s. 6d. a day, and 2s. for Sunday work for stockmen, without any allowances. Farmers are advertising for ploughmen at the old rates, and though they complain a good deal of the scarcity of men, they shrink from any idea of raising wages as a real catastrophe. Meanwhile, many of them are making a large profit by billeting horses and men for the Territorial Artillery. In one case a farmer is making £6 a week in this way, not to speak of his good luck in finding a new market for his produce at his very door. The laborers seem to hope for a change after the war, which they regard as an unsettling force in the villages, and one farmer, at any rate, shares their view. My friend was speaking to him of one of his laborers, a mere boy, who was serving in the trenches at that moment with the local Territorials. "Yes," said the farmer, "I am afraid he won't settle down to work again easily after this."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"DRIFT AND MASTERY."

A SHREWD observer, well acquainted with both countries, recently observed that America was very like England, only more so. By this remark we suppose he meant that America in its politics, its industry, its social and religious life, its general interests and valuations, showed the same tendencies and evolved the same problems, but with more sharpness of outline and upon a larger scale. It is natural that this should be so. For in this country the play of the novel forces of our age is far more complicated by the tradition and authority of the past, not merely in the shape of hard-established institutions, but of accepted attitudes of mind, which help to blur the new issues when they emerge. Now in America the modern movements have no such modesty: they rush, they stare, they shout. The breakdown of religious orthodoxy, the frustration of democracy, the dominion of capitalism, the rise of Socialism and feminism, the most characteristic movements of the age, all attest it. The supersession of dogmatic Christianity by secular activities among the Churches, and the sprouting of innumerable new creeds and sects from the hastily sown seeds of Eastern learning or "psychology," have everywhere sapped the old supernatural sanctions. Though there is toleration, there is no accepted common denominator of spiritual life, and myriads of nomad souls move restlessly about the spiritual firmament, even as their bodies flit lightly from one hotel or boarding-house to another during their earthly sojourn. Any attempt to see politics steadily yields the same sense of bewilderment. The forms of popular self-government are everywhere frustrated or subverted by private interests, which, by force or trickery, substitute themselves for the public will in the determinant acts of government. These intricate perversions of democracy are intimately bound up with the power of organized impersonal capitalism, which everywhere assumes control of business, and, in its heartless pursuit of gain, ignores the welfare of the toiling millions of "free" American citizens. As in America, this capitalism has wrought more ruthlessly and less hampered by humanitarian or legislative interferences than here, the present and impending conflict with labor on the one hand, and the consumer on the other, is more naked and acute. The abatement of these brutal economics by private philanthropy and charity are likewise more sensational, and advertise a squeamishness of conscience that is itself a new and interesting problem. The shapes and local habitations of this capitalist control are confronted by an ever shifting set of labor forces, socialistic or anarchistic in their teaching and activities, and tending to become more revolutionary as they recognize the strength of grip in which the organized business men hold them. But the Socialism of America is as devoid of unity of purpose, clear understanding, and consistent direction, as any other of the reforming movements. Add to this brew of seething forces the ingredient of sex-antagonism, in which feminism cuts across the male conflicts of politics and industry, bringing fresh divisions and perplexities into the 'sacred' precincts of the homes, and the inpouring of raw European life into these cracking moulds of American institutions, and the troubles of America seem more than the most vital of all nations can endure.

How does America regard her case, and how does she propose to deal with it? This is the question which one of the ablest of the younger social healers of America, Mr. Walter Lippmann, discusses in a brilliantly written

book, "Drift and Mastery" (Fisher Unwin). The title, indeed, is itself a condensation of his answer. For the substance of the gloomy diagnosis we have just presented is his. He sees a nation floating helplessly along in the dangerous current of this eddying tide, without sail or rudder, placidly or resignedly proclaiming its reliance on destiny.

"The American temperament leans generally to a kind of mystical anarchism, in which the 'natural' humanity in each man is adored as the savior of society. You meet this faith throughout the thousand-and-one communistic experiments and new religions in which America is so abundant. 'If only you let men alone, they'll be good,' a typical American reformer said to me the other day."

This moral doctrine of *laissez faire* is in part a lazy optimism based on a half-conscious reliance on the eighteenth-century dream of the Golden Age and the noble savage. It is in part an aggressive individualism with a rooted mistrust of Governmental interferences. It is easy to recognize how this temper impedes conscious organized efforts in the field of politics and social progress. Even Socialism itself has fallen a victim to it by adopting an evolutionary philosophy in which the processes of history are but the unfolding of an original plan inherent in the constitution of things. Of the Marxian Socialists Mr. Lippmann says, "Strictly speaking, these men are not revolutionists, as they believe themselves to be; they are the interested pedants of destiny. They are God's audience, and they know the plot so well that occasionally they prompt Him." Even the ablest and most honest statesmen are too much in the grip of the ideals and methods of the past to plan freely and largely for the future. So representative an American as Mr. Bryan lives in an America of farmers and small competing tradesmen that has long disappeared. But even Mr. Wilson, who sees clearly the changes in the organization of society and the need for Government to take an active part in securing justice and opportunity, states his object in language that reveals his curious inability to understand the constructive task devolving upon modern government. He is willing to use the power of government to "restore our politics to their full spiritual vigor again, and our national life, whether in trade, in industry, or in what concerns us only as families and individuals, to its purity, its self-respect, and its *pristine* strength and freedom."

Now, such restoration is impracticable. Taking the example most prominent to-day in American politics, the Trust problem, all attempts to break up combinations, or to compel businesses to compete whose interests lie in combination, are foredoomed to failure. Yet American statecraft has not yet consented to confront the great task which the recognition of this truth will impose upon it. It still continues to drift, trusting to destiny to untie its own knots, and refusing to substitute "conscious intention for unconscious striving." This conscious social self-government or "mastery," demands, in the first place, a recognition of the discipline of science. But social science, as Mr. Lippmann sees it, must continually work with sympathy and imagination as well as with measurement and syllogistic reasoning. Visions of a better order must spring out of the disinterested study of the past and present. Mr. Lippmann is in hearty agreement with Mr. Wells upon the utility of Utopia-making, though he deprecates the atmosphere of illusion by which most Utopists conceal the great gulf fixed which divides existing society from this ideal. Political science is to foster the spirit of invention, and to pump that spirit into the heads and hearts of statesmen.

But though Mr. Lippmann does his utmost to present

science as the great instrument of reform, and to endow it with emotional values and virtues, we are not sure that he is wholly successful in this appeal. For science *quâ* science, especially in the social fields, is not easily disposed to cultivate the spirit of invention, and is much more likely to leave its devotees bogged in the tough and sticky processes of collective analysis and formal generalization. In point of fact, though science is a serviceable preliminary to invention, the inventor acts as artist, not as scientist. This distinction Mr. Lippmann does not sufficiently emphasize. The spirit, intention, and method of one who is primarily a social artist, or, shall we say, statesman, all differ from those of the man who is primarily a scientist. It is so even in the region of physics. The great physicist may be a speculator, or even a discoverer, but, save incidentally, he is not an inventor in the sense of applying his scientific results to industrial or other practical purposes. There has always been a naïve disposition on the part of philosophers to claim a divine right to be kings, and most economists or political scientists think themselves cut out for statesmen. But they are not. The most they can do is to serve statecraft by investigating facts, and furnishing interpretation and suggestion. The free art of opportunist invention belongs to the social artist who may be a man, or, *pace* Mr. Lippmann and Mr. Wallas, a "collective mind" of a people, working out its human nature in political activities and institutions which express its instincts and its growing reason. To some readers it will appear that the meaning of "mastery" in this book is left too vague. It may, however, be well for us to quote, in conclusion, the passage in which the writer summarizes the application of his remedy:—

"The method of a self-governing people is to meet every issue with an affirmative proposal which draws its strength from some latent promise. Thus the real remedy for violence in industrial disputes is to give labor power that brings responsibility. The remedy for commercialism is collective organization in which the profitees has given place to the industrial statesman. The way out of corrupt and inert politics is to use the political state for interesting and important purposes. The unrest of women cannot be met by a few negative freedoms: only the finding of careers and the creation of positive functions can make liberty valuable. In the drift of our emotional life, the genuine hope is to substitute for terror and weakness a frank and open worldliness, a love of mortal things in the discipline of science."

A FUTURE MELTING-POT.

EVERYONE knows the well-worn lines in "Obermann Once More" which describe how the East bowed before the blast of Imperial Rome, let the legions thunder past, and plunged in thought again. But some stanzas later on in the poem are not so familiar. They tell of the storm which passed over France in sheets of scathing fire and made all Europe shake. And then they speak of the strange and bewildering time when the storm was over, and man, with hopes disappointed, tried to return to former thoughts and exploded customs. "Down came the storm!" they say:—

"Down came the storm! In ruins fell
The worn-out world we knew.
It pass'd, that elemental swell—
Again appear'd the blue.

"The sun shone in the new-wash'd sky.
And what from heaven saw he?
Blocks of the past, like icebergs high,
Float on a rolling sea!"

Upon those blocks, "poor fragments of a broken world," Obermann beheld the race of man still plying their old endeavors. The glow of the central fire, which seemed for the time to have welded mankind into one with its fusing flame, was gone, but men remained the

same, though the old creeds and social orders had died. The millions still suffered. The joy, of which men have such need, did not arise. The old was out of date, the new not yet born. The world stood in suspense, bewildered, and for Obermann there was no shelter but a mountain solitude, and after that an unknown grave beside the Seine, with the epitaph, "Eternity, be thou my refuge!"

We need not stay to dispute that Obermann was wrong. "Too quick despairer!" we might call him, in the phrase of the same true poet of transition. That brooding and fragile spirit failed to perceive the mighty workings of new hopes in travail beneath the dead load of reaction and the dead hand even of the Holy Alliance. "Some new such hope must dawn at last," he cried, "or man must toss in pain." But for himself, remote from the common, struggling world, he could not grasp that hope's reality, and in the despair of disillusionment could utter no language but a cry.

Over us, too, a storm of scathing fire is passing. All Europe feels that fiery blast, and is shaken. The worn-out world we knew is falling in ruins. But already we are continually asking what we shall see when the blue appears again. When the sun shines once more in the new-washed sky, what will he gaze upon? Blocks of the past, no doubt, he will see still floating like icebergs—spires of ice that will take long to melt or topple into the flood. For an old world does not break up and transform itself at once. Its relics survive in picturesque or sometimes dangerous fragments, and at the sight of them still lumbering about, there will be many too quick despairers. "As things have been they remain," will be their cry, and whatever may then take the place of Obermann's mountain solitudes will become rather overcrowded with eremites. Upon all such brooding and fragile spirits one must pronounce a tender condemnation for a despair which is a crime as well as an error. For despair is the submissive auxiliary of reaction, and fulfils its own prophecies, like Hope herself.

From the first week of the war our prophets of hope have been busy, and we owe them gratitude for their visions. Some have revealed a future Europe partitioned among self-governing communities according to race and language—a federation of independent nationalities, unarmed, or, if armed, then only contributing from their armaments their shares to the international force which will stand ready to police the world. It will police the world and impress upon troublesome and aggressive peoples the disapproval of the central Parliament of Man, or at least of Europe, assembled at The Hague. "*Securus Judicat Orbis Terrarum*" will be the legend inscribed above the gates of Law Courts and Senates in civilization's metropolis there. This is the ideal. We need not at once conclude that the books will lie open, the secrets of diplomacy all be revealed, that upon peace and war, as upon all questions of international right and wrong, the ordinary men and women of all countries will freely utter their voice, and Foreign Secretaries, Ambassadors, and whosoever maketh a lie shall flee away. But it is to such an end that men's thoughts turn, and, in turning, make for its accomplishment.

Some of our prophets, again, behold the vision of a world in which all who labor and are heavy laden by the necessary toil of life shall at last come into their own; and everything that can by food and housing and other material means promote their happiness or give opportunity for their mental and bodily powers is their own by the natural right of work. Before the gaze of others, visions of less extended view arise, no less audacious and encouraging in their hope. There are the

Russian Liberals and the Russian exiles who have flung themselves into this war with whole-hearted love for Russia, and with devoted confidence in the final if not the immediate regeneration of her Government. Even when St. Augustine's career appeared most carnal, his mother never doubted that the child of so many prayers would be saved, and with a like assurance the Russian prophet foresees salvation for the land of so many tears. He clutches at every straw; he radiates to every glimmer; like the Knowledge spoken of by the poet, he submits all things to desire. And, as is the happy way with prophets, his prophecy will help to fulfil itself by its own belief, and in that sign of faith he will conquer.

Or let us take an instance from another prophecy, more limited still, but almost as daring, and inspired by a hope almost as enthusiastic. Speaking at Keighley last Monday, Dr. Michael Sadler, with his usual energy of mind, foretold the time when the present struggle between two conflicting ideals of the State might result in mutual lessons between two great peoples. "In brain-power," Dr. Sadler said, "I, for one, put Britain above Germany. But in the organized application of knowledge to public interests, Germany has in some departments (not the highest) excelled us":—

"We have wasted energy," he continued, "through not clinching by decisive action the truths which have emerged in free discussion. The Germans have deadened independence of moral judgment and the power of shrewd observation by overbearing individual liberty, by an excessive use of State authority, and by too persistent an appeal to national self-interest. . . . I venture to predict that after the war Germany will make experiments in political freedom, and that the Government of Great Britain will pay more anxious attention to systematic scientific research, to national discipline, and to technical education."

Outside Europe also we may perceive signs of a transfiguration at least as vast. India, forgetting all complaint, has come to our aid with the confidence of Russian reformers or English Suffragists who fling themselves into the service of their country, inspired by their own splendid vision of hope. It seems impossible that after this war—after such service as theirs—the freezing relation between ourselves and Indians can remain unmelted. Can people who have shed their blood for us be excluded in their own country from club, from mess, from society, and from our Government? Already one may discover premonitions of such a change. Less than a generation ago, last Saturday's telegram from our Admiralty, in answer to congratulations upon a naval victory, would have appeared an incredible instance of condescension. It is taken now as a matter of course—as the equal courtesy natural between men and nations of equal place. We catch glimpses of a time when the weary commonplace that "East is East, and West is West" shall be no more heard, save on the golf-links of Cheltenham, Bedford, and Bath; but, by mutual lessons in this case also, the East may learn from us of our material knowledge, and from the East we may learn, as we have learnt before, the value of spiritual things, the vital importance of beauty in common life, the charm of Burma, the honest dealing of the Chinese, the delicacy and cleanliness of the Indian, whether Mohammedan, Sikh, or Hindoo.

Big changes these, it may be said; unfounded visions, implying a bigger than external change. We admit it all. No advance, no liberty, is ever gained without persistent vigilance and struggle. No vast external change is achieved without that much more difficult "change of heart." But, then, the occasion is big. Enormous change is certain, and, as we said before, it is the attribute of faith and hope to fulfil their own prophecies for good, as of despair for evil.

THE FOREST DOCTOR.

If we were asked to name all our vigorously indigenous timber trees, we could scarcely go beyond these three—oak, ash, and beech. Two of them at any rate can be considered the finest utility timbers in the world, and the third is of immense importance in forestry, yet they are only three out of thousands of species now known to our timber merchants. But what shall we say of the elm, by far the most distinctive tree of the English landscape, taking one county with another, astonishingly vigorous of growth, and cutting up annually into millions of cubic feet of very useful boards? The elm almost never produces fertile seed in Great Britain. It may be that there is only one tree of the common elm in our land, but millions of suckers and suckers from suckers. When in a hedgerow from which we felled a fine elm thirty years ago, we find another tall tree standing not far away, that is essentially the same tree. We can cut it again, and our sons and grandsons can cut it until, as surely some time will happen, this elm unregenerated from seed, grows too feeble to sprout again.

So the elm comes sixth in Sir Herbert Maxwell's beautiful book, the sweet chestnut and the linden pushing it from higher place. The book is all about the trees that grow best in Great Britain, whether native or naturalized, and is called "Trees: a Woodland Notebook" (Maclehose, Glasgow). Arboriculture, says Sir Herbert, has done its work; it is now time that silviculture made haste to reap the advantage of its abundant experiment. A great number of exotic trees have been planted for ornament in parks; we know how they like the climate; we have now the material for the scientific plantation of forests on a far larger scale than has yet been done. So we shall go a good deal beyond the merits, great as they are, of oak, ash, and beech before we find which in all cases is the best tree to grow.

Nature prompts a good deal, even when we do not ask her verdict with direct experiment. Just now she seems to have the craze to sow ash seeds. There is no phenomenon more marked, as it seems to the writer, on the Lias and even on the Jurassic, so long dominated by the beech, than the insurgence of this useful tree. "Ash for nothing ill." The only wood worthy to handle spear or spike, indispensable to every waggon wheel, beautiful in furniture, and faithful wherever toughness against strain is desired. Of all woods, it is most like well-tempered steel, for it has a resiliency against sudden shock that few woods have. It is not long growing, reaching its most useful age soon after fifty, and being very saleable at twenty. But how the heart aches to see an untrained ash standing alone, spread into great robber branches of bloated, brittle wood, instead of towering in goodly company of clean muscular columns. That it does, apparently unbidden, in our beech woods. Doctor of the forest the Germans call the beech, because it is so good a nurse for other trees, and the warm, rich humus of its fallen leaves makes them so vigorous and healthy.

The British oak needs no good word, though it is even more neglected in forestry than any other tree. Shipbuilding called for it stag-headed, then jilted it for steel, and now we must learn to grow the tall clean stems that perhaps our soldiers have seen with wonder along the battle line in France. The oak we plant must be of the durmast variety (with sessile acorns), and it must have the ministrations of "Dr. Beech." In a mixed wood of any kind, such specific plagues as the tortrix are isolated and checked, and even the oak tortrix often respects a sessile oak in the midst of its ravaged pedunculate brethren. When the oaks are tall, seedling

beeches, more accommodating than any other tree, will give a half-way canopy of shade and yearly showers of leaves, and will also provide a following crop of timber when the oaks are ready for felling. Long as the operation is, and little of it as we shall see in our own lifetime, there is a fascination about it that is more appealing than barley undersown with clover, or roots followed by wheat.

After oak and ash, there are few of the broad-leaved trees that very much attract the amateur forester. If he knew all, perhaps he would try some of them. Our native linden is a poor one, but another species sends us from America planks, two feet wide, of beautifully knot-free "bass-wood." In this obliging medium, Grinling Gibbons worked, and so ought every wood-worker who is getting his hand in for harder stuff. Walnut is as good as mahogany, and if it takes a wonderfully long time to grow, it yields a valuable annual crop. Sweet chestnut, though most of its reputed long-lived beams have been found to be durmast, has its definite value. Even the willows are worth growing, not only for osiers, but as contributors to our national summer sport. Out of a blue willow fifty-three years old, 1,179 cricket bats were made. Another tree was sold for £70, and the growth on a parcel of land worth £50 came to be worth in sixteen years the sum of £2,000. Still, we should all too soon glut the cricket-bat market, and there are many trees of wider usefulness.

Some say that the larch is failing. Though Evelyn knew it more than two hundred years ago, its forest life with us dates scarcely a hundred and sixty years back. Lately larch canker and other ailments have devastated whole plantations, and given their growers ruin instead of a fortune. Sir Herbert Maxwell puts much of the damage down to the mixing of larch with Norway spruce, which nourishes an aphide that afterwards migrates to the larch. The aphide in itself is a bad pest, and it also lets in the canker by weakening the trees that it has not killed. Certainly, the larch had better not be grown unmixed, the spruce, however, is no companion for it. The beech is just the doctor in this case as well as many others. Even if it brought no pestilence, a wood of pure larch is bad silviculture. It does not accord with Sir William Schlich's maxim that we should not impoverish the soil, but leave it even richer than we found it. Some of the scourges that have assailed our larch may be Nature's just retribution for neglecting this honest rule.

Still, there may be better trees than larch, even for the man who wants to do some of the reaping for himself. They do not appear to be either Scotch pine or spruce, which, according to Sir William Schlich, yield only three per cent. compound interest, by comparison with over four for larch. Concerning the silver fir (*Abies pectinata*), the tallest of European trees, Sir Herbert Maxwell says: "If it had ever received (in England) scientific handling, it would have been far more highly esteemed than it now is." It grows so rapidly that none but a scientific forester can keep it nursed, so that it bursts away and runs to branch. Yet, alone among conifers it will grow cheerfully under the shade of high forest, and should therefore be just the tree to follow beech, and give a great account of itself. Perhaps we may see it here as Elwes measured it in Bosnia up to nearly or quite two hundred feet in height.

It would perhaps be wise to stop at the silver fir or even the Corsican pine, but Sir Herbert Maxwell gives us encouragement to aim still higher. The big tree of California has caught his imagination, greatest of all trees, out-bragged but not out-measured by the Australian eucalyptus. It ordinarily reaches twice the height of our tallest kind, and is said to have out-topped

St. Paul's Cathedral by seventy feet. The ordinary planter is not likely to be willing to wait for a trunk eleven yards in diameter: that might take some four thousand years. Still, Sir Herbert avers that our sixty years' experience of *Sequoia gigantea* or *Wellingtonia* (called *Washingtonia* in America) "proves" that it can be grown here as successfully as in California. In forty-five years it grew at Fonthill to a height of 102 feet and a girth of 17 feet. There are other facts of the same kind, showing that it is fair to reckon on two feet per annum for a great number of years. But the timber is not so valuable as that of the other *Sequoia*, the red-wood, capable of the same vertical growth, and making a more elegant trunk. "This species," says Sir Herbert, "is well worth attention from any person or corporation planting on a large scale in a sufficiently humid climate."

Present-Day Problems.

PATRIOTISM AND WAGES.

WAR, it has been said, consists of a series of regrettable necessities. Not the least regrettable of the necessities created by the present crisis is the appointment of a special body by the War Emergency Workers' National Committee to deal with cases of sweating on the Government orders for the equipment of the troops. These orders were hailed with general satisfaction, as a welcome relief to many thousands of workers—particularly in the wool and clothing industries, where the pinch of unemployment was most severe. But, unhappily, it has not taken long for satisfaction to turn into something like dismay in the Labor world. On a great part of the work, standard conditions and rates have been thrown to the winds, and the task before the War Emergency Committee is a heavy one. As a typical instance of what is happening, we may cite a shop in East London, where one of the trade union organizers found a large number of cabinet-makers busied in table-making. The standard rate of a cabinet-maker is 11½d. an hour, and his standard week is fifty hours. Yet on this job only a handful of men were getting 11½d.; the majority were working at various rates, down to 7d., and they were working a 78-hour week, Sunday included, without any extra pay for overtime. The condition of things is perfectly well-known throughout the trade, and the resentment caused by it is not confined to revolutionary Socialists. Joint deputations of the trade unions and the fair employers have actually been to the War Office to protest—unfortunately, it seems, with little result.

Another serious report comes from Ipswich. Here, we are told, "A firm is paying 4½d. for the machining of a camp-bed, and the women have to provide cotton, which leaves them 3d. a bed. But, comparatively, this is a good rate, as another firm in the district is paying 1d. for the same work, and, by putting in a long day at full pressure, women can earn 1s.!"

In the clothing trades there is the same story. The "Daily Citizen" quoted the other day a report from a responsible official in the West Riding on the manufacture of khaki. In Huddersfield, work for which the district rates are 10s. 8d., 11s. 3d., and 12s. 6½d., is being paid at 9s., 10s. 5d., and 11s. 4d., and at Longwood, rates of 9s. 1½d., 11s. 1d., and 12s. 1d. are being substituted for the standards of 10s. 3d., 12s. 2d., and 13s. 2d. Mr. Butler, Secretary of the Army Clothing Employees, states that work is being done in London, by sub-contracting for a wage of 25s. a week, which an operative at the Pimlico factory would not do for less than 45s. In Bethnal Green, the Medical Officer of Health has given his committee a list of sweating cases, which includes khaki trouser finishing at 2s. per dozen pairs (the workers finding their own thread); brown

canvas kit-bags at 1s. 9d. per dozen, finished; fawn jean kit-bags at 10d. per dozen; and khaki haversacks at 2s. 6d. per dozen (the workers having to buy their thread from the firm at 6½d. the spool, and using one spool for a dozen and a-half bags). All these facts have been brought by the Borough Council to the notice of the Trade Board. It has been officially confirmed that the wages earned are far below the statutory minima, and prosecutions are likely to follow.

In the manufacture of army boots the same evil obtains. The National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives (which, incidentally, has sent three thousand of its men to the Colors) reports, amongst others, a case of a firm "evading the Minimum Wage and Graduated Scale" and employing a boy of eleven years of age to nail boots at half the price which other firms are paying for the same work, and another flagrant case of a firm undercutting the standard rates on an order for the French Government. A further complaint here (as also in the woollen mills of Yorkshire) is the excessive overtime, the result of which, according to reports from all over the Midlands, is a heavy increase of sickness.

Where, then, is the responsibility for all this to be placed? It is easy to blame the sub-contractors. No doubt it is generally they who are in fault—though not always, by any means. But are the sub-contractors answerable to no one? The War Office has recently issued a memorandum which lays it down that the main contractor is to be responsible for sub-letting only to manufacturers who will undertake to observe the Fair Wages Clause, and that names and addresses of all firms to whom it is proposed to sub-let work shall be submitted for approval before work is actually given out to them. It is clear, therefore, that the real responsibility rests on the War Office. That being so, the workers are entitled to ask the Government to put an end to these scandals. No pains have been spared to protect the big financial interests. Mr. Lloyd George assured the House of Commons that such protection was no mere partiality, but was just as necessary to the wage-earning classes as to the rich themselves. But surely it is equally to the interest of all that Labor should be secured its decent standards. Private employers have been ready enough since the outbreak of the war to cut down their rates; it is a monstrous thing that the State should give them any support or excuse for such action. On the highest grounds a democratic Government should make it its first business to be a model employer. To pretend that the rush and strain of the present crisis render that impossible, is absurd; the union officials, if they were taken frankly into confidence, could easily ensure that every order should be executed without the slightest delay. But, even on the ground of immediate expediency, any wise Government ought to realize that to present the working-class with the spectacle of its trade union organizers going round in company with the inspectors of one State Department trying to undo the arrangements made by another Department, and itself overworked and underpaid to bulge the already well-lined pockets of its employers, is hardly the best way to encourage any practical manifestation of patriotism. For ourselves we make no doubt that the feeling of the nation about the contractor and his methods is as clear and as strong as was its feeling about the treatment of the soldier's wife and children.

C. M. LLOYD.

Letters to the Editor.

INDIA AND BRITAIN'S OPPORTUNITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The House had warmly to recognize," said the Under-Secretary of State for India, "the substantial help that was being afforded to the Empire by the appearance of the Indian troops at a wide number of points, which extended through three continents, from Tsingtau to La Bassée." England cannot better recognize and touch the

hearts and imagination of the Indian people than by removing a bar that has existed for more than fifty years to the military aspirations of Indian soldiers. At present, no Indian can hope to become anything more than a subadar, an officer equivalent almost to the humblest English officer in the Indian Army. He is not allowed to join the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, or to hold a commission in the Indian Army, the proclamations of 1833, 1858, 1908, 1912 notwithstanding. The disability is not legal, nevertheless hitherto quite absolute. Ancient houses which looked to the Army as the sole field of occupation for their sons, and warlike races, who, since times immemorial, were in the habit of looking to a *carrière ouverte aux talents* in the military service of their country, have had to choose between the career of an ordinary soldier in the ranks and a clerical or legal occupation entirely unsuited to their character.

The custom—and it is nothing but a custom—of granting commissions to men of European descent only, has led to the extinction of those middle-class families which provided officers for the Indian Army down to 1856. It has ever been a sore grievance to the people, and is wasteful from an economic as well as military point of view. The so-called “political arguments” which stand in the way of allowing the Indians to choose the occupation of their aptitude, and thereby enabling them to be more useful to themselves as well as to their country, should now be swept away, and a policy of hesitation and distrust should give way to one of trust and generosity. Indeed, the loyalty of the Indian troops has never been in doubt. In the fine words of Lord Curzon: “The Indian Army has written its name on the map, not only of India but of the British Empire.

... When it is said that we hold India by the sword, be it remembered that that sword is two-thirds forged of Indian metal, and that in reality we defend her frontiers and fight her battles by the aid of her sons.” They have stood by England ever since 1857, and rendered her invaluable services, though less dramatically, in various parts of Asia and Africa. Their bravery and steadfastness have won the praises of reports—official and unofficial, English and French. The King announced at the Durbar the eligibility of Indians for the V.C., and we are all proud to learn that it has been already won by one of our countrymen, and, we trust, will be won by many more before the war is over. Nothing more generous or more opportune can be conceived which would quicken the imagination of these valiant soldiers or draw closer the bonds of esteem and affection than the putting into practice the right—the right has been recognized ever since 1833—of Indians to lead their own countrymen on the field of battle on the same terms as their British comrades. It is a question not of legislation but one of boldly over-riding the practice of routine, as the right of granting commissions is solely vested in the Crown, exercised through the Commander-in-Chief in India, on the advice of his Majesty’s advisers at Whitehall. It would remove at the same time another humiliation of not being allowed to join the O.T.C. on the ground of being Indians, and I am sure nothing would go further to prove the sincerity of the eloquent words of Mr. Roberts, the Under-Secretary for India, uttered in the House of Commons recently: “It is premature,” says Mr. Roberts, “to attempt to anticipate the consequences that may follow from the striking and historic event—the participation of India in force in the world-war of the Empire. But it is clear that India claims to be not a mere dependent but a partner in the Empire, and her partnership with us in spirit and on the battlefields cannot but alter the angle from which we shall all henceforward look at the problems of the Government of India.”

Let there be mutual loyalty and mutual fulfilment of duties.—Yours, &c.,

H. NATH. MISRA.

Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

December 12th, 1914.

WOMEN AND MILITARY LAW.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me to call attention to the trend in recent regulations towards sacrificing the liberties of the unrepresented section of the community—the women? The

three particular cases to which I wish to refer are (1) the agreement reached between the police authorities and the licensed dealers to serve no drink to women in London before 11.30 a.m.; (2) the order of the Commanding Officer at Cardiff to forbid certain women being out of doors after 7 o’clock; and (3) the circular letter *re* the wives of soldiers and sailors issued by the Home Office to the Head of the Metropolitan Police and to other Chief Constables at the instigation of the Secretary for War and the Army Council. Each of these regulations has been made applicable, apparently, to women only, women without votes, and it is difficult to see how they can be defended on the ground of justice. In each case, too, it would seem that there is reasonable ground for questioning the legality of the action taken by the authorities.

(1) The refusal to serve drink to women in London before 11.30 is an arrangement made between the Chief Commissioner of Police and certain representatives of “the Trade.” It has no legal sanction, and it may be questioned whether the licensed dealers can legally refuse to serve their women customers. I would commend to your legal readers the question whether the parties entering into this agreement to deprive the women subjects of the king of their legal rights by instigating the publicans to boycott women before 11.30 a.m., have not thereby laid themselves open to a charge of conspiracy. I speak as a layman, but is it not conspiracy for several people to agree to act jointly in doing illegal things? The Licensing Acts do not even give power to the licensing justices to discriminate between one section of the community and another. It required an Act of Parliament to exclude children under fourteen from public houses.

(2) The Commanding Officer at Cardiff has issued an order directed against certain individual women, forbidding them to be out of doors after 7 o’clock. Now, Mr. Asquith, on behalf of the Government, recently stated that there was no intention to reintroduce the C.D. Acts either in letter or in spirit. On what authority, therefore, does this Commanding Officer issue such an order against women said to be of the prostitute class? If these women have committed offences, the ordinary law provides for their imprisonment. If they have not committed offences, why should individuals be picked out and have a special new penalty imposed on them? Any law, to be just, should lay down a principle applicable to all cases falling within it.

(3) I did not see extracts from the original circular issued to the police regarding the behavior of soldiers’ wives, which has now been withdrawn, but it is difficult to believe that it can have been worse than the present documents. The circulars do not explicitly state that women are to be deprived of their allowances for drunkenness, immorality, or neglect of children, but this may be presumed as these matters are dealt with in the circulars. A question requiring an answer is: Would others receiving pay from public funds, civil servants, cabinet ministers, &c., have their allowances affected by drunkenness or immorality? The public should demand a clear statement of the grounds on which the wife of a soldier or a sailor is to be deprived of her allowance, and these should not be different from those applicable to others in Government pay.

The circulars would seem also to put a dangerous power into the hands of the police—a power they do not have, I believe, over any other section of the community. The wife of a soldier or sailor taken drunk to the police office is not to be charged. She is, however, to be admonished, and a record of this admonition is to be kept. This power of acting as judge and jury is conferred on the station officer. She is to have no chance of clearing herself of the charge. Surely such power has hitherto been confined to the magistrate or judge in a properly constituted court, and even the magistrate cannot convict without giving the prisoner before him the right to clear himself. These admonitions, made and recorded by the station officer only, are to be counted against the woman in the future!

If such an innovation is to be made in police administration, it should not be confined to one small section of the community. It is specially objectionable when directed against this particularly helpless section of the public, and is quite out of keeping with the spirit of British justice.—Yours, &c.,

CRYSTAL MACMILLAN.

46, Cranley Gardens, S.W.

OUR FINANCIAL STRENGTH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your last week's issue you write as follows: "In normal times, our total annual savings amount to something like £300 million sterling."

May I venture to ask what authority you can quote in support of this figure? Personally, I am very doubtful if any reliable figure of the savings is available at all. In any case, however, I am satisfied that £300 millions is a perfect dream, and that the country's savings do not probably amount to one-third of this figure.—Yours, &c.,

ECONOMIST.

Glasgow, December 15th, 1914.

[Mr. Flux, in the introduction to his "Census of Production Report," estimates the total savings of the nation as amounting to from £320 to £350 millions. This, however, includes a provision for wear and tear, so that net savings would be placed at a somewhat lower figure. On the other hand, this census was taken for 1907, and the money income of the nation has made a considerable advance since then.—ED., NATION.]

"PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In these days, when Belgium is in the thoughts of everyone, let me put in a word for Sir Henry Taylor's dramatic romance of "Philip van Artevelde." It was written as long ago as 1834, ran through several editions, and, when I was young, was the admiration of the author's most eminent contemporaries. It is now, I fear, remembered only for the famous line "The world knows nothing of its greatest men." But in truth it is a noble work, and full of the local coloring of Flanders:—

"The towns of Ghent and Ypres, Cassel, Bruges, of Harlebeque, Poperinque, Deudermonde, Alost, and Grammont; and with them all towns of lesser name."

—Yours, &c.,

HENRY COTTON.

45, St. John's Wood Park.

[We quite agree with Sir Henry Cotton as to the merits of "Philip van Artevelde."—ED., NATION.]

"THRACIAN SEA."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is a travesty—purporting to be a review—of my book, "Thracian Sea," in this week's NATION. In the same article, the person responsible includes me in a "mattock-and-pen" illustration of the many unsuitably employed at novel writing; and implies that he or she, as a critic (*sic*), is more adequately endowed. Common honesty is obviously not among his or her equipment.

I read in other reviews that the book is "a genuine study of the social conscience of the day"—in such phrases as it describes, that it shows "a rare sense of proportion"—in regard to the more sordid ditto; of "the rich humanity of it, the big scale on which it is planned and executed." Now, says your oracle: "'Thracian Sea' is almost too solemn to be borne." Rubbish!—Yours, &c.,

JOHN HELSTON.

23, Henderson Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.
December 16th, 1914.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There are interesting passages in John Wesley's "Journal" which illustrate the condition of French prisoners of war in England in the eighteenth century, a subject raised in THE NATION a week ago.

Wesley records visits to the French prisoners at Redruth in 1757, at Bristol in 1759, at Dublin in 1760, and at Winchester in 1779. All the references are worth noting, but a letter written by him at Bristol on October 20th, 1759, is of peculiar interest to-day. Wesley says:—

"Since I came to Bristol I heard many terrible accounts concerning the French prisoners at Knowle; as that 'they

were so wedged together that they had no room to breathe"; that "the stench of the rooms where they lodged was intolerable"; that "their food was only fit for dogs"; that "their meat was carrion, their bread rotten and unwholesome"; and that "in consequence of this inhuman treatment, they died in whole shoals."

Desiring to know the truth, I went to Knowle on Monday, and was showed all the apartments there. But how was I disappointed! (1) I found they had large and convenient space to walk in, if they chose it, all the day. (2) There was no stench in any apartment which I was in, either below or above. They were all sweeter and cleaner than any prison I have seen either in England or elsewhere. (3) Being permitted to go into the larder, I observed the meat hanging up, two large quarters of beef. It was fresh and fat, and I verily think as good as I ever desire to eat. (4) A large quantity of bread lay on one side. A gentleman took up and cut one of the loaves. It was made of good flour, was well baked, and perfectly well tasted. (5) Going thence to the hospital, I found that, even in this sickly season, there are not thirty persons dangerously ill, out of twelve or thirteen hundred. (6) The hospital was sweeter and cleaner throughout than any hospital I ever saw in London. I think it my duty to declare these things, for clearing the innocent, and the honor of the English nation.

"Yet one thing I observed with concern. A great part of these men who are almost naked; and winter is now coming upon them in a cold prison, and a colder climate than most of them have been accustomed to. But will not the humanity and generosity of the gentlemen of Bristol prevent or relieve this distress?"

On the night of his visit to the French prison at Knowle, Wesley preached in Bristol from the passage, "Thou shalt not oppress a stranger; for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." The sum of £24 was contributed then and on the next day, and "with this," he says, "we bought linen and woollen cloth, which were made up into shirts, waistcoats, and breeches. Some dozens of stockings were added, all which were carefully distributed (among the prisoners) where there was the greatest want."

The relevance of this fragment of the social history of England during the Seven Years' War to the present situation is my apology for writing you.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY CARTER.

58, Gayton Road, Harrow.
December 15th, 1914.

Poetry.

A LATE POST.

CLEAR-LOOKED the sad day's close,
Ere eyes their hope forsake:
With all the west one rose,

Long-rayed, so late it grows
No letter comes to make
Clear-looked the sad day's close.

None; even now she knows
She must the grim vow take,
With all the west one rose,

That here her watch foregoes,
Till ever the slow morn wake.
Clear-looked the sad day's close

On night-gloom. Nay, who throws
White thro' the slit this flake?
With all the west one rose,

Plain her boy's writing shows,
Though caught in hands that shake—
Clear-looked the sad day's close,
With all the west one rose.

JANE BARLOW.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Robert Spence Watson." By Percy Corder. (Headley Brothers. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Life of Robert Flint." By Daniel Macmillan. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. net.)
 "The Life of General Sir Harry N. D. Prendergast." By Colonel H. M. Vibart. (Nash. 15s. net.)
 "The Collected Works of William Morris." Vols. XXI. and XXII. (Longmans. £12 12s. the set.)
 "Our Philadelphia." Described by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. (Lippincott. 30s. net.)
 "The Origine of the War." By J. Holland Rose. (Cambridge University Press. 2s. net.)
 "The British Navy: Its Making and its History." By Ernest Protheroe. (Routledge. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Swinburne: A Critical Study." By T. Earle Welby. (Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "The Miracles of the New Testament." By A. C. Headlam. (Murray. 6s. net.)
 "The Guilt of Lord Cochrane in 1814: A Criticism." By the Right Hon. Lord Ellenborough. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "King Albert's Book." (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. net.)
 "Under the Tricolor." By Pierre Mille. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

It would be interesting to have a complete list of the writers who are now engaged upon histories of the war. I have heard of half-a-dozen at the least. One of the best will undoubtedly be that by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, whose articles in "Land and Water" are, I am told, read with eagerness in every officers' mess throughout the country. Another book on the subject is to be by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. This will be Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's second venture into military history. His first was "The Great Boer War," published in 1911.

"A MISJUDGED MONARCH" is the title of a fresh estimate of Charles II., which has been written by Mr. H. Imbert Terry, and will be published shortly by Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Terry disclaims any intention of whitewashing Charles II., but his reading of contemporary writers has led him to a more favorable estimate than is generally held. His conclusion is that the King was above all a gentleman, and, in addition, one of the most intricate and subtle minds that has ever conducted the affairs of this country.

ANOTHER biography which Mr. Heinemann has in preparation is an English version of Frau Förster-Nietzsche's "The Lonely Nietzsche." It is supplementary to "The Young Nietzsche," reviewed in THE NATION on June 1st, 1912, and takes up the story of Nietzsche's life after his quarrel with Wagner in 1876. At the present moment, when the names of Nietzsche and Treitschke are coupled as those of the two men who have had most influence on contemporary German thought, it will be an advantage for English readers to have this authoritative account of Nietzsche from the pen of his sister.

MRS. CREIGHTON is to write the biography of the late Thomas Hodgkin, the author of "Italy and Her Invaders." Hodgkin was, like Grote, a banker by profession, and his historical studies were carried on in the spare time allowed him by his business. His books on the early Middle Ages are regarded as indispensable by students.

MR. F. H. JOWETT and Mr. Robert Jones have collaborated on a book called "Parliament and Democracy," which will probably be published early in the New Year. The authors treat at some length of the Referendum, and offer a number of suggestions for the reform of Parliament in a more democratic direction.

A BIOGRAPHY of Captain Matthew Flinders, the famous explorer who first circumnavigated Australia, has been written by Professor Ernest Scott, and will be published shortly by the Oxford University Press. Professor Scott

has made a special study of the eighteenth-century explorers, and is the author of a "Life of Laperouse."

To find an essay on "The Novels of Mark Rutherford" in the latest volume of "Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association," published by the Clarendon Press, may be taken as a sign that Hale White's work has at last entered the phase of academic recognition and discussion. Mr. A. E. Taylor, the author of the essay, bears witness to the singular fidelity of "Mark Rutherford's" description of Nonconformist society as it used to be. "The future annalist of social England in the nineteenth century," he says, "will need to draw upon 'Mark Rutherford' as he will need to draw upon Trollope." In addition, Mr. Taylor claims for the novels "a 'healing power' which they, no less than Wordsworth's poetry, contain for the mind that is sick of the idle clamor and meaningless spirit of rebellion of so much of our modern literature." He notices, too, that the characteristic excellences of "Mark Rutherford's" style are closely connected with his practical wisdom. Its distinguishing marks are austerity of diction and simple directness in narrative and description, together with skill in seizing the essential elements of a situation. "Mark Rutherford's" descriptions of Cowfold remind Mr. Taylor of George Eliot at her best, though he holds that George Eliot's diction was too latinized and that she seldom reached the "absolute mastery" of "Mark Rutherford's" manner.

A FEW years ago Mr. W. G. Blaikie Murdoch published a small volume, called "The Renaissance of the 'Nineties,'" dealing with the decadent movement in English art and letters. Mr. Holbrook Jackson treated the same subject at greater length in his book, "The Eighteen 'Nineties,'" published this year, and last week has given us a further contribution to the literary history of the period in the shape of "Ernest Dowson: Reminiscences, Unpublished Letters, and Marginalia" which Mr. Victor Plarr has issued through Mr. Elkin Mathews. Mr. Plarr was, like Dowson, a member of the Rhymers' Club, an institution where, according to Mr. Arthur Symonds, himself a member, "young poets, then very young, recited their own verses to one another with a desperate and ineffectual attempt to get into the key of the Latin Quarter."

"Chacun de nous, futur grand homme,
Ou tout comme,"

is Alfred de Musset's satirical reference to the famous Romantic *cénacle*, of which the Rhymers' Club was a bad copy. Still, with all its affectations, the latter institution had some influence on our literature. The literary history of the nineteenth century must take some account of a club that numbered among its members John Davidson, Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Dr. Todhunter, and Mr. Arthur Symonds.

UNFORTUNATELY, the future literary historian will find little or nothing of value in Mr. Plarr's book. It has less than a hundred and fifty pages, but its substance could have been compressed into a quarter of that number. One may pardon a certain amount of garrulity and discursiveness in a volume of reminiscences, but Mr. Plarr has very little to offer us in compensation. The letters written to him by Dowson contain nothing of interest, and as for the marginalia—annotations made by Dowson in collaboration with Mr. Plarr and another friend on Olive Schreiner's "The Story of an African Farm"—most readers will agree with Mr. Plarr that much of their substance "is trite and trivial enough." The book, in fact, is pitched in the wrong key throughout. In one of his many apostrophes to his "dear poet," Mr. Plarr says: "The young fellows gaze on your friend as 'the man who knew Dowson.' It is a case of Browning's 'Death in the Desert,' or 'Did you once see Shelley plain?'" The truth is that, as Mr. Arthur Symonds wrote in an obituary notice of Dowson, he was "not a great poet, but a poet . . . He could never have developed; he had already said, in his first book of verse, all that he had to say." He is the author of half-a-dozen lyrics, notably "Cynara," for which he will be remembered, but it is absurd to regard him as another Shelley.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

THE HUNDRED DAYS.

"Napoleon and Waterloo." By Captain A. F. BECKE. (Kegan Paul. 2 vols. 25s. net.)

NEARLY twenty succeeding years have brought us the centenaries of events in Napoleon's career and in the European history which he made. In turn we have been reminded of his epic victories, his deliverance of Europe from the dull tyranny of dynastic Courts, his beneficent internal legislation, his moral collapse under the temptation to emulate the silly dynasties he had overthrown, his military collapse in Russia, and the fifth act of this supreme tragedy at Leipzig's "battle of the nations." We are now approaching the centenary of that tragedy's epilogue. It was on February 27th, 1815, that Napoleon sailed from his doll's-house dominion of Elba with about one thousand men, and on June 18th, the epilogue ended at Waterloo. Dramatically, the great protagonist should have fallen there. For him and for Europe's reputation it would have been better if he and all the famous Marshals of his early triumphs had fallen beside the Old Guard. But the spirit which, at his best, he had represented—the spirit of new life which dated from the Revolution—died at Waterloo, and fifteen gloomy years were to pass over Europe before its resurrection began. In this astonishing epilogue no element of grand, historic drama is wanting; for here, if ever, the course of human destiny was involved in the destiny of one.

To celebrate such a centenary, some remarkable work was to be expected, and in Captain Becke's two large volumes it appears. The task is admirably accomplished. The author has an intimate knowledge of Napoleon's personality and whole career. He has studied all the contemporary documents of importance. He gives the narrative of events almost day by day, and when he comes to the great crisis, almost hour by hour. Yet he escapes the common danger of overloading the history with crowded detail. The outline remains perfectly clear. Debatable points—all the controversies which have divided military critics upon general strategy, tactics in the field, and the minor uncertainties of time and place—are carefully discussed in separate chapters or notes, so that the main narrative may be followed unimpeded. Excellent charts are given (though we should have valued occasional sketch-maps in the actual text, such as Mr. Belloc gave in his brilliant little manual on Waterloo).

Captain Becke writes with the expert knowledge of a professional soldier, of a gunner too, and in writing of Napoleon one has always to watch the guns. He is also possessed by an ardent admiration for the protagonist. He, plainly enough, perceives his errors, especially the evidences of mental and bodily decadence, and he recognizes the powerful character and defensive genius of Napoleon's great opponent. But we feel throughout that the author's sympathy lies with the vanquished cause and that defeated hero of almost superhuman genius. In speaking of genius, he sometimes admits a rhetoric from which, as a rule, he is admirably free. He admits it with far less excuse when, in his professional zeal, he allows himself to write:—

"In Britain the ever-present, sentimental, and humanitarian peace party might be calculated on to do all in their power to discourage and stop a war which would hardly appeal to their very limited intelligence."

But such flim-flam stuff is very rare in these volumes. The work is, as we said, an accurate and judicial account of the brief campaign which Victor Hugo, in his magniloquent manner, called "a change of front in the universe." And yet the subject of the account and the personalities involved are of such intense human interest that the layman reads with the excitement and absorption of the soldier. In following the course of the tragedy, Captain Becke correctly seizes the moments of error or misfortune which made disaster inevitable. Napoleon laid his strategic plan after his usual profound thought and long hesitation. As he once said himself:—

"There is no greater coward than I, when I am drawing up a plan of campaign. I magnify every danger, every

disadvantage that can be conceived; my nervousness is painful. Although I show a calm face to those about me, I am like a woman in the throes of childbirth. When once my decision is made, however, I forget all, except what will successfully carry through my selected plan."

For the Waterloo campaign, the selected plan displayed the true Napoleonic genius. Leaving the Austrian and Russian forces to lumber up at their leisure, Napoleon hoped to destroy the Anglo-Dutch and German forces in detail by striking suddenly at the centre of their possible union before they were united. While the Allies were still extended in cantonments between the Meuse and the North Sea, he crossed the Sambre at Charleroi and advanced into Belgium, ready to strike to right against Prussians, and to left against English in turn. So swift was the dash that Blücher and Wellington were taken entirely unawares. Both should have known their man better. Yet Wellington was calmly writing about assuming the offensive in July, when Napoleon was almost within striking distance of Brussels in mid-June. Hardly had Wellington realized the truth when the decisive day of Friday the 16th was upon him. Up to the late afternoon of that day, Napoleon's strategy triumphed. Small errors and accidents might be pointed out, but nearly all the winning cards were in his hand, and his play showed the assurance of genius.

Then the forewarnings of tragedy began with the marching and countermarching of D'Erlon's unused corps. Expected by Napoleon to overwhelm the Prussian right at Ligny, ordered by Ney to support his own attack upon the English at Quatre-Bras, summoned to Napoleon's aid when all depended upon the Prussian overthrow, and violently recalled by Ney when he failed to shake Wellington's position, that unhappy corps wandered helplessly between the two scenes of battle, advancing north-east and north-west alternately till daylight was spent. It had taken no share on either front, though if it had only fought on one or the other, the history of Waterloo would have told a very different tale.

That was the first and perhaps the decisive error. It allowed the Prussians to withdraw as an organized and formidable army unpursued into unknown regions, and so to come up to Wellington's relief at the crisis of Waterloo. And, on the other end of the line, it allowed the English to hold their position and then retire as an organized force to the ridge which Wellington had already selected for the final conflict of the 18th. The blame must fall on Ney, though his difficulty was extreme. Almost as serious and far less excusable was the second great mistake of the campaign—Ney's negligence and inactivity on the following morning (Saturday, 17th), when, instead of gripping Wellington to his position at Quatre-Bras by renewing the attack, he allowed the English to withdraw, protected only by the magnificent rear-guard actions of Lord Uxbridge with his cavalry and guns. It was then that Napoleon, arriving too late upon the scene, greeted him with the terrible words: "You have ruined France!"

But in those very hours Napoleon had himself committed the third great error, involving destruction. Assuming that the Prussians had retired after Ligny along their communications with Namur, he had carelessly instructed Grouchy to follow them eastward, and there keep them under guard, so as to frustrate their union with Wellington. Grouchy must share the blame, or even take the chief burden; for, in spite of orders, he ought to have soon discovered that, in fact, Blücher had retired north to Wavre, and was there preparing to co-operate with Wellington as arranged. But he discovered the truth too late, and then wrote to Napoleon that he would pursue and keep the Prussians in check on the Monday—the day after Waterloo! Truly, as Napoleon himself used to say, "Fortune is a woman, and if you let her slip to-day, you must not expect to find her there again to-morrow."

So when the Sunday morning broke after Saturday's heavy rain (itself a great hindrance to his plan) Napoleon was not justified in his boast that he still held ninety chances out of a hundred. It is doubtful if he held fifty. Blücher, in solid force however slow, was creeping in upon his right, though Napoleon still trusted to Grouchy's guard. Even in the tactics of the field, errors were early seen. The crowning error was again due to Ney, who wasted his superb cavalry

by launching them against the British unshaken front. It was for such actions that Napoleon, in spite of his admiration for his bravest marshal, afterwards said that in this campaign "Ney behaved like a madman."

But something was wrong also with Napoleon himself. On the Friday night he suffered much pain, and even slight bodily illness always affected his judgment, as was seen at and after Borodino. His genius shows with full brilliance only at intervals at Waterloo. On the Sunday itself he was lethargic and drowsy, which was one of the reasons (beside the wetness of the ground) why he began the battle some hours too late, and so gave Blücher time to arrive. As Captain Becke writes:—

"This campaign of 1815 is inexplicable on the supposition that Napoleon's powers were not seriously impaired by the life he had led. . . . It must be acknowledged that Napoleon himself was responsible, very largely, for the disaster which overtook the last, and perhaps the most devoted, of all the Grand Armies of that heroic age."

One word more. Tactics depend upon armaments. It is the development of guns, shells, rifles, aeroplanes, and motors which has so completely altered the method and aspect of our great battles in Belgium to-day from the scene of Waterloo. That decisive battle was fought on a front of about two and a-half miles, across a shallow depression nowhere more than a mile broad, and by an average of some seventy thousand men a side—at all events, till early evening. It would be interesting in a book like this to have definite information as to the arms—the guns that could not be reckoned on for much over half-a-mile, the muskets that were uncertain beyond two hundred yards, and the size and violence of round-shot and shells. Accurate pictures of the various uniforms of horse, foot, and artillery would also help, in Mr. Hardy's words (Prologue to "The Dynasts") :—

"To raise up visions of historic wars
Which taxed the endurance of our ancestors."

For, indeed, now that our own endurance is so sorely taxed, it is a strengthening exercise to recall the anxieties, hardships, and losses which our people suffered just a century ago and yet survived.

THE WONDER OF LIFE.

✓ "The Wonder of Life." By J. ARTHUR THOMSON. (Melrose. 12s. 6d. net.)

To describe what is in a book in its title is not infrequently to jeopardize its chances of finding readers. The author, therefore, selects a seductive title in the hope of trapping the unwary, trusting to the interest of his work to make ample apology for the mild deceit. Professor Thomson's book has a good title, and, oddly enough, it exactly fits the book. Its theme is "the fundamental mysteriousness of Nature," and the author is perfectly correct in holding that science has robbed nothing of its wonder. "If the half-wonders go, the wonder remains"; and it is a strange misapprehension of the lay mind that science does anything but deepen our wonder. It is a misapprehension, moreover, which the lay mind discovers very readily when it presses a man of science with a final "Why?" For, although science has pried into the secrecies of the rainbow and has found reasons for its color-scheme, it has knocked in vain at that inmost shrine which guards the secret of why the wavelength of the color red is different from that of violet. This is the final mystery of the rainbow, and Newton has but robbed us of one wonder to substitute another and more enduring one.

The field of the "Wonder of Life" is the world; not only the superficial world, but the world which extends to the depths of the sea and stretches through the blanket of air. Life teems everywhere. The still small pools on a small section of a glacier at Chamounix in 1912 were found to have on their surface some forty millions of the rare "glacier flea"; the wind-swept heather on the moor thrills with bustling life; and the plant-cells in the open sea exist in numbers which it is idle to repeat, as their greatness dulls rather than stimulates the imagination. And everywhere life is wonderful. The devices by which animals trap their prey, elude their enemies, and advertise their existence, alone

provide an encyclopædia of "knowledge curious." The spider which provides a loose cable to bind closely any victim too large to be held by the ordinary threads is paralleled in the sea-cucumber which entangles lobsters, but is not quite so wonderful perhaps as the angler-fish, with its dorsal-fin-ray—a rod, line, and dangling bait in one.

Even in the lowest depths of the sea there is busy, thriving life, and a life of perfect cleanliness, where the inhabitants do their scavenging perfectly, and where—the disease-obsessed may care to know—there are no bacteria. But dwellers of the deeps are specially adapted, and if one should rise to a zone of much-reduced pressure, the gas in its swim-bladder, under the sudden release of a great pressure, expands, and the fish "tumbles upwards" to the surface.

In the invasion of their homes to discover their habits, the zoologist does not neglect family life. The courtship of animals is full of interest, and the bored belle of to-day may be pleased to know that a female spider at times puts a summary end to an objectionable suit by devouring the suitor. Certainly, she seems to be justified, for a male waltzing sedately round her over a hundred times could only hypnotize her or drive her crazy. The horn-bill is a devoted father, and spends himself to support his wife and family. There are insects which keep pets, like the ant, and "cows," too; for they milk the aphids for its honey, and keep beetles just as one might keep a cat or dog.

With examples such as these, Professor Thomson literally fills his pages to illustrate generalizations as to life and living action and reaction; and there is no doubt that it is the best way, since the student learns at the same time the generalization and its limitations, and this is the nearest approach to perfection of knowledge. Indeed, the reader—and he need have no specialist training—can make his own generalization, and this is best of all. In illustrating and expounding the subtleties and intricacies of instinct the author touches upon the rival theories as to instinct, and it is problems such as this which will attract a certain type of reader. He will find himself provided with much matter and a calm and clear exposition of the theories advanced. But it is just here that Professor Thomson proves himself a little annoying. He has produced many interesting books, and this is by no means the least of them; but he has the habit of standing outside his subject too much. He preserves the open mind. This is more scientific, no doubt, but it is really less interesting. And is it not in the stress of advocacy of divergent views that the truth emerges?

On vitalism—surely the most imperiously enthralling problem of biology—for instance, Professor Thomson gives us the illuminating views of Bergson, Driesch, Russell, Clifford, and the rest, and we are left to guess the view of the author, though it is fairly easy to see that he prefers the vitalistic theory. To the physicist and chemist, the physical and chemical explanation of life will always seem adequate—at any rate, for the purposes of physics and chemistry. "What we do know," says the author, "is that present-day physico-chemical formulæ do not suffice for the biological descriptions of organisms." But he has neglected the point that they do not suffice for the final description of physico-chemical phenomena. In Electricity and Magnetism and Light, for instance, we have discovered equations and formulæ which correctly explain the relation of things which have the sufficiency to give us command over vast powers of Nature; but we do not know what the symbols mean.

The case of Biology, however, is not quite parallel. The same limitation holds good for all physical explanations of sections or operations of life; but beyond this there is the conviction, felt by many, that there are "three orders of facts—the physical order, where mechanism reigns, where mechanical formulæ suffice for the description of what goes on; the animate order, where mechanism is transcended; and the psychical, where mechanism is irrelevant." This is well put; but the consensus of scientific opinion has oscillated from the time of Aristotle till to-day between the conviction that the organism is a machine, and the conviction that—cut life into sections, concentrate on particular cycles of action, abstract a reaction and apply physical and chemical explanations as one may—there will ever be something which the student of biology recognizes as not covered by such explanations. And the reason of such oscillation is

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given by Bergson as the limitation of our intellect. "Created by life in definite circumstances to act on definite things, how can it embrace life, of which it is only an emanation or an aspect?" "In vain we force the living into this or that one of our intellectual moulds. All the moulds crack."

Be this as it may. Here is the aboriginal and ultimate problem of life, its most primitive and final wonder, and the elements are given for discussion. With a little more dogmatism, Professor Thomson had produced a moulding, instead of a merely stimulating and fascinating, book. The sketches, both in line and color, are numerous, and deserve a special word of praise. They add the final touch of appeal to a fascinating volume for all who feel the primitive grip of the Wonder of Life.

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Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone's royal encomiums extend over a number of years. In 1878 she writes to her mother: "The Queen of Denmark is an adorable and lovely Queen. I am happy to call her my Queen." At parting she is kissed by her Majesty on both cheeks, and a beautiful jewelled locket is pressed into her hand. The King, "who is also perfectly charming and as kind as possible," insists on her accepting a life-sized portrait of himself. In Italy, the writer remarks:—

"I was quite overcome by the Queen's dazzling beauty and regal presence. . . . I never knew anyone so full of humor, interest, and intelligence. It is delightful to see her when she is really amused. She can laugh so heartily, and no one, when there is occasion for sympathy, is more ready to give it. Her kind eyes fill with tears as quickly as they feel the fun of a situation."

The King again pays her the handsomest compliments, seats her on his right hand, and feeds her on his famous white truffles from Piedmont. Next comes Sweden, where the Queen "looks the personification of goodness," and King Oscar

"is a king after one's ideas of what a king ought to be. He looks the king every inch of him, and that is saying a good deal, because he is over six foot. He has a splendid physique, is handsome, and of much talent. He is a writer and a poet, and speaks all languages. You must be told that some kings are kings; but King Oscar, there is no doubt about what he is."

Not the meanest of the monarchs but has a word of praise. The King of Siam is "good-looking and tall for a Siamese"; the King of Spain "looks very young and very manly"; the ex-Queen Isabella, "though rather stout and heavy" and "with a quantity of brown hair plastered over her temples," is, however, "very amiable," and receives in "a beautiful room furnished with great taste." The Empress Eugenie, though aged and deposed, is not forgotten; and Madame Hegermann-Lindencrone notices that "although oppressed with grief, nevertheless she seemed glad to talk with me." There is even a kindly mention in early Washington days of the Emperor of Brazil and the Queen

of the Sandwich Islands. But it is the German Emperor who most successfully captures her affections. In 1888 the new Kaiser paid his first official visit to Italy, young, handsome, and splendid—all Rome flocked to see him:—

"The Emperor was dressed in the uniform of the *garde de corps* (all white) with a silver breastplate and silver helmet. He was an apparition! and did not look unlike one of the statues. Or was he a Lohengrin who had come in a swan-drawn skiff down the Tiber to save some Italian Elsa?"

Fifteen years afterwards, Madame Hegermann-Lindencrone greets the Kaiser on his birthday in Berlin. The lady reminds him of their last meeting when "Your Majesty looked very serious and as handsome as a Lohengrin."

"Lohengrin, really! I did not see any Elsa I wanted to save."

"Oh, I meant only a Lohengrin *de passage*."

The Emperor laughed. "That is good."

"I recollect what your Majesty wrote on the photograph you gave Monsieur Crispi."

"Really? What was it? I don't remember."

"You wrote: '*Gentilhomme, gentilhomme; corsaire, corsaire et demi*.' . . . In case you don't understand this I will tell you what it means: If you are nice to me I will be equally nice to you, but if you are horrid I will (pokerly speaking) see you and go one better."

Her verdict on our Imperial enemy is just now of singular interest:—

"The Kaiser is a wonderful personality. The more I see him the more I admire him. He impresses you as having a great sense of power and true and sound judgment. And then he is kind and good. I do not think him capable of doing a mean or small action."

Such is the impression left on one who has seen the Kaiser only *en gentilhomme*.

Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone's reminiscences, however, include some celebrities of lower rank. When posted at Washington, the Danish Minister and his wife travelled in the same train as Buffalo Bill; who, "with his soft eyes, lovely brown curls, and a would-not-hurt-a-fly expression," reminds her of the portraits of Charles I. She has watched Ibsen, with his "lion face and tangled hair," eating devilled devil-fish in a cheap Italian restaurant, or sitting "sullen, silent, and indifferent" while music is played. She has known Sarah Bernhardt and Longfellow; has met Ouida, Zola, Nansen, and "heavy-eyed old Kruger from the Transvaal"; talked to Colonel Picquart about "l'affaire," and been told in confidence by Rostand that most of "L'Aiglon" was composed in his bath. As a singer of repute she has been intimate with Massenet and Grieg, has heard the first performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana," and listened to Ole Bull the famous Norwegian violinist. Her own voice, once heard, is never forgotten—never, that is to say, by her truest friends. When King Edward visited Berlin in 1910, he reminded her of a song she once sang to him many years ago; and King Oscar, in 1891, is still thrilled by the tender memories of 1867:—

"Do you remember the guitar and those delightful songs you sang—'Beware'? . . . Those were pleasant days," the King said, with a sigh of recollection. "I was a good friend of yours, and never will I change."

"I hope you never will, your Majesty."

"Never," he said. "When once I am a friend I am a friend for always, and I shall always be a good friend to you." And taking my hand from the table he kissed it—a most embarrassing moment for me!

Happy, happy Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone!

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to regard the actual climbing as a means to an end rather than an end in itself. The end, to Guido Rey as to all the really great mountaineers, is something far greater. By whatever name we call it—passion, contemplation, or even worship—the human love of the mountains at its best calls forth some of the highest and noblest energies of our nature.

Guido Rey's "Matterhorn" was a revelation to English readers, especially to those who know nothing of the spirit which has distinguished some of the best modern Italian mountaineers. But this book is even better. The climbs which it describes are more difficult and more remarkable. The descriptions are finer and more varied. It covers ground less familiar to the British public than the dizzy needles of rock which, like diamonds round a pearl, surround Mont Blanc, and those even more difficult spires of limestone precipice which, further south, go by the name of the Dolomites. These mountains are but the rocky fragments of an earlier world, but they present to the crag-climber a centre of skill and enterprise not to be surpassed in any mountain-region of the world.

Every climb described in this book is both difficult and perilous. But if that were all, a chimney-stack is equally perilous and difficult. The distinguishing feature of a mountain is, after all, that it is a thing of mystery and beauty. The later English school are apt to forget this. They mistake mountaineering for acrobatics. Guido Rey never forgets it. Mountaineering is to him always a heavenly adventure. Perhaps English readers may think that Rey sometimes overdoes this side of it. They may find him in places a little too dithyrambic. But this enthusiasm is at any rate a pleasant change, and there are some of us who would rather have the poetry overdone than not done at all.

The place of honor is given to Rey's climb of the Grépon by the Mummery Crack. It is a climb that calls forth the highest combinations of human faculty—coolness and courage, skill and patience, daring and endurance. Mummery has described it for all time, and Rey, at his best, can add little to that immortal chapter in mountaineering literature. But his characteristic description will lead the reader on to the still more remarkable narrative of his ascent of the Dent Du Requin—"the Shark's Tooth" as Mummery named it. Guido Rey generally draws precision of detail from the notes which he scribbles in a small pocket-book as he climbs. But in this case he finds his pocket-book silent, and he can only describe this climb as a sort of dream:—

"It was a dream which lasted two hours, that seemed at once as long as a century and as brief as a single instant: a dream strange and terrible, yet so fascinating that I could wish I had not yet awakened from it. I saw men creeping slowly and carefully down a long slab, clinging to the rock by the friction of their breasts and their hands; I saw them hanging in space as they traversed round the mysterious spire, then turning upwards and climbing perpendicular chimneys that crunched their bones; grasping invisible holds as they hung in the air, disappearing into narrow holes, and issuing from them again with swollen, distorted faces."

It would not be fair to give this quotation without balancing it with one of Guido Rey's mountain word-pictures; for it is to obtain the "view splendid" contained in such pictures that Guido Rey passes through the toils and perils of such ascents. We will choose a picture of one of those divine sunsets over the snow-region which, once seen, never perish from the memory of the true mountain-lover:—

"Afar, towering above the other altars, there shone in solemn splendor the greatest of them all—Mont Blanc—wrapped in a miraculous golden light that seemed to come from other worlds; I fancied that heaven touched earth in that high place."

"The perfect harmony of lines and colors seemed to translate itself into a masterpiece of music, and I found myself listening intently in the silence."

"I am sure that in that peaceful hour our hearts unconsciously sent up to heaven a hymn of faith in the beauty of the universe, the primitive hymn of the setting sun, the prayer by means of which we hope to retain the health-giving, beautiful light to the very last."

"But Nature decrees that such spectacles shall soon fade, so that we may continue to long for them with undiminished desire."

"The altars extinguished their lights, and covered themselves with a veil, the music ceased, and a single star,

like a sad, pure note, shone with a tender light in the clearest part of the sky above the dark peaks. The night had begun."

Or take this description of the Petit Dru, which will be recognized as a matchless picture of an Alpine rock mountain in all its changes of light and shadow:—

"And indeed the mountain had all a fairy's power of transformation, so different was its appearance at different hours of the day, or under differently colored skies: at one time it was pink and clear and free from clouds, at another it resembled a grey shade, wrapped in a veil of mist; now it seemed very close, within reach of our hands, now remote and inaccessible in the air. Sometimes it appeared to me like a fragile crystal that should be kept under a glass cover, sometimes like a huge obelisk planted on the sands of a desert. Not one of these aspects seemed foreign to the magic mountain, which in the clear morning light resembled a column of blue smoke rising peacefully to heaven, or in the green light of the dying day a pointed tongue of flame."

Here we come near to Ruskin at his best.

Guido Rey has completed his book by breaking comparatively new ground. He gives us a series of accounts of his climbs in that wonderful group of divine precipices that rise in majesty round the peaceful, pine-clad valley of San Martino Di Castrozza. It is a group too rarely visited by English climbers, but certainly more beautiful than the Rosetta group and more inspiring than the well-trodden mountains of the Cortina Valley. The climbs are terrific in their difficulty and their splendor: and Rey's Dantesque descriptions do not in the least exaggerate the perils of these peaks.

Taking it all in all, this is a book which will take an honored place in every good Alpine library, and we are grateful to Mr. Eaton for translating it, and to Messrs. Fisher Unwin for the new debt they have added to the many which all Alpine lovers already owe them.

CONTRASTS.

"The Witch." By MARY JOHNSTON. (Constable. 6s.)

"First Cousin to a Dream." By CYRIL HARCOURT. (Lane. 6s.)

"Dregs." By Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD. (Alston Rivers. 6s.)

WE have had occasion more than once in these columns to attempt to find some common principle, some uniformity in purpose, method, or conception which may embrace the characteristics of what was originally a purely haphazard collection of novels. It is, of course, no difficult task. The novel at present, both in its popular and more independent phases, follows not only certain definite and obvious lines of development, but very few of them. It is but rarely that even a random and quite arbitrary association between novels—whose only apparent similarity is in the fact that they happen to have been published at the same time—does not imply some kind of integral comradeship. The originality of art does not touch them. This time, however, it would be impossible to imagine three novels more radically alien and uncomfortable in each other's company than these above. They are not only irreconcilable; they represent different strata of life, different moralities and appeals which no single one of them (apart from his or her own) could understand or appreciate.

Miss Johnston's "The Witch" belongs to a familiar historical type. It is not by any means a fellow to that kind of impudent historical romance which conceals its ignorance of history and psychology by waltzing its heroes through a series of broils and escapades in a period which the authors assume their readers to know as little as themselves. That is to say, Miss Johnston does, in her own manner, aim at the adventure of imaginative reconstruction. Her epoch is the Jacobean; her theme the inheritance and persistence of religious bigotry, fanaticism, and persecution from the Middle Ages. There is a good deal of truth in her presentment. The Elizabethans numbered Ascham and Harvey and Martin Marprelate among them as well as Marlowe, Florio, and Shakespeare. And the Renaissance did not entirely dissipate the medieval fogs, or turn, with a stroke of the wand, a superstitious and unlettered into a humanistic people. For all that, Miss Johnston somewhat overweights her scales.

PURPLE CROSS SERVICE

for Wounded and Sick Army Horses,
170, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

President: **THE EARL OF BUCHAN.**
Director of the Service in France:
MAJOR-GENERAL H. JARDINE HALLOWES.
Secretary to the Service in France:
LIEUT.-COLONEL T. A. HILL.
Honorary Gen. Secretary: **MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY.**

Objects:

- 1.—To mitigate the sufferings of horses in War by the establishment of Veterinary Base and Field Hospitals.
- 2.—To maintain a Corps of qualified Veterinary Surgeons for First Aid, Transport, and Hospital Service.
- 3.—To provide Horse Ambulances for the Transport of Sick and Wounded Horses.
- 4.—To supply Surgical Instruments and Veterinary Appliances for the use of the Military Authorities and others who undertake the care of Wounded and Disabled Horses.
- 5.—To secure permission from the authorities for a corps of duly qualified men of the Purple Cross Service to kill badly wounded horses left on the battlefields.
- 6.—To maintain a number of Inspectors for the purpose of searching for disabled and abandoned horses, and assisting farmers and others who have taken charge of such animals.
- 7.—To obtain an extension of the terms of the Geneva Convention so as to secure for the Purple Cross Service international protection similar to that now accorded to the Red Cross Society.

Official Authorisation.

The French Minister of War

has personally written as follows to Major-General H. Jardine Hallowes, Director of the Purple Cross Service in France:—

"I hasten to authorise The Purple Cross Service as a society for the aid of wounded horses.

"I add that instructions will be issued to give the society every facility for establishing, both in the zone of the armies and in the interior zone in proximity to the depots for sick horses, hospitals in which the Society will treat the animals entrusted to its care.

"In making these arrangements known to The Purple Cross Service I beg you to express to them the very sincere gratitude of the French Government for their valuable co-operation by work so generously undertaken for the purpose of curing horses which have already rendered service, and of reconstructing the living material which represents one of the vital forces of the armies.

(Translated.) (Signed) "A. MILLERAND."

The Purple Cross Service

is working to obtain an extension to the terms of the Geneva Convention, so as to afford International protection for the work for the relief of horses wounded in war.

PRESIDENT WILSON

has authorised the Purple Cross Service to announce that he is in thorough sympathy with this object.

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to maintain veterinary hospitals and ambulances, to supply surgical instruments, appliances, and drugs.

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The sufferings of the horses appeal to every humane man and woman. The health and the life of the horses are of paramount importance to the cause of the Allies.

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By her method of concentrating her resources upon a single aspect, and expanding that method to the exclusion of all else, she injures the significance and verisimilitude of her impression as a whole. Her book makes you think that all Jacobean England was engaged in sniffing out witches, whereas, of course, only a part cared twopence about them. Her hero is a medley of philosopher, physician, and mystic, whose emancipation from the narrow and fetishistic dogmas of the day brings upon him the suspicions of atheism and necromancy, and finally the penalty of death. Aderhold is something of a pantheist:—

"O thought of all sense and soul, gathered, interfused, and aware of a magic oneness! O Macrocosm, that I, the microcosm, will one day lift to and be and know that I am—O sea of all faith, O tempered of every concept, O eternal permission and tolerance, nurse of growth and artifice of form from form! . . ."

He is, you will see, rather an unusual kind of hero; but these speculations are apt to make us rather tired of him. The book, in fact, thoughtful and honest as it is, is tangled with much superfluous undergrowth of these and other kinds.

In Mr. Harcourt's novel we breathe a different world—a pampered, futile, facetious, and incorrigibly sticky world. It is all about the peregrinations of a young married couple, who talk in the style of the chorus of a musical comedy; who have a great deal too much money, and the smallest sense of humanity in disposing of it. Their idea of life is of a perpetual schoolboy "rag" in first-class hotels and with plenty of noisy scufflers like themselves. And yet the husband, who was a cricket Blue, and might at least have conformed to the inarticulate conventions and reticences of his kind, is given to talking like this:—

"And I was saying . . . good-bye, I shall never see . . . the things I loved . . . and lived for (i.e., hotels and fooling) . . . any more . . . good-bye . . . lips, breaking into smiles . . . eyes, that understood . . . Soul, that was for me and touched my soul . . . good-bye. . . . It is over . . . this . . . is the end . . . yes, yes, yes . . . this is life and death."

And so on. The good man is not dying, as you might have supposed. It is one of those books which not only cultivate a deliberate vulgarity of speech, but possess an instinctive vulgarity of soul.

"Dregs" is by far the best of the three, and the only one of them which touches the realities of life. Though a little amateurish and uncertain, it is, in its way, a fascinating book. And it makes a very bold attempt to give a complete psychological interpretation to a complex and difficult character—Felix Lancaster. Felix is, in a word, overcharged with vitality, tempted by its splendors and scourged by its whips. His is the tragedy of an insatiable passion for life and of realizing that he cannot live out his life, except fragmentarily, in the piece. His whole cannot approximate to the part. In the end, forced into resignation by physical deterioration, by the fruitlessness of experience, and the weariness of a quest that has no ending and no achievement, he is content to leave himself in the hands of his half-caste wife, whose devotion has no falterings and no limitations. The book has a curious metaphysical implication, and though Mrs. Rickard's material and treatment are rather inadequate to the heavy demands made upon them, her artistic purpose has a highly subtle significance and a very real and coherent end in view.

FOR HOME, CAMP, AND HOSPITAL.

"The Book of the Blue Sea." By HENRY NEWBOLT. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

"The Romance of Piracy." By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. (Seeley. 5s.)

"The British Army Book." By PAUL DANBY and Lieut.-Col. CYRIL FIELD. (Blackie. 3s. 6d.)

"Herbert Strang's Book of Adventure Stories." (Frowde, and Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.)

"Every Boy's Book of Heroes." By ERIC WOOD. (Cassell. 3s. 6d.)

DR. JOHNSON and Mr. Newbolt would never have agreed. "A ship," says the Doctor (though we do not remember that he ever in his life set foot on one),

"is worse than a gaol. There is in a gaol better air, better company, better convenience of every kind; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger."

So much for the good and dear Doctor, who in some particulars was indisputably right. The press-gang swept in all and sundry, kidnapped by the score men and youths who literally and completely disappeared, and the company thus pitched aboard must have been more than a little mixed. As for the air, we are not quite sure that the Doctor ever visited one of the horrible London prisons of his own day. We do not, of course, forget how he fought for the life of that worthless macaronic parson, Dr. Dodd; but it was a nice and delicate point of honor with him not to obtrude himself upon Dodd in his cell at Newgate. Newgate fevers in the old days we have heard all about, but the eighteenth-century warships of which Mr. Newbolt writes with so catching an enthusiasm, were free from this pest, wretched as the quarters were both for men and for officers.

One of Mr. Newbolt's little middies steps on board for the first time. "I shall not stop now," says Mr. Newbolt, "to tell you what he thought of everything on board. Of course, it was very queer to find that the cockpit, where he was to live for the next six years, was almost pitch-dark, and had not even a port-hole that could be opened, for it was down below the water-line. And, of course, it was a little cramped to have only one oak chest for wardrobe, dressing-table, washing-stand, easy chair, and writing desk. And it was difficult at first to manage your hammock, and go off to sleep quickly with noises overhead, and the ceiling close down upon your nose, and the air thick with the odors of tar, cheese, tallow candles, rum, and bilgewater. Some writers have made a great deal of these discomforts; they talk as if life in the midshipman's berth must have been miserable and degrading. But, then, another thing they criticize is the way the mids were incessantly talking, ragging, and playing practical jokes. That doesn't sound as if they were very unhappy. I believe the truth is that they were healthy and full of good spirits, and never made the mistake of supposing that you must be comfortable before you can be happy. Also a good many of them were keen to get on in their profession, and when you are in that mood you are not thinking about the size of your washing-basin."

These are pictures of real naval life in the days of Nelson, seen through the eyes of boys; and most boys of to-day who read them will probably be of Mr. Newbolt's mind, that "a sea-fight when you do understand it is the finest game ever played by men against men." Understanding is not always easy, and perhaps no layman is quite equal to the details of Trafalgar, which, as Mr. Newbolt says, every Englishman should know by heart. This account of the battle is the first published since the report of the recent Admiralty Committee; and if it is here and there a trifle hard to follow, the fault is not Mr. Newbolt's. On the immortal signal, "England expects," &c., he makes the best comment that we have read: "Up it goes, never to come down again."

Piracy ought to be by no means so heartening a theme as the legitimate warfare of the seas, but to the boy who has not pierced to the cruelty of the business behind the glamor of it, it is perennially fascinating. Distance, as Mr. Chatterton truly observes, "coupled with a highly romantic temperament," makes "a page of black history appear with unwarrantable attractiveness. In the story of the pirates there would be little to entertain us, were we not able to feel that in this prosaic twentieth century we are at least free from this scourge of the sea." What is most curious is that this scourge was so long endured by the maritime commerce of the world.

Mr. Keble Chatterton has made the very best of his subject; the ancient pirates, the North Sea pirates, the corsairs of the South, piracy in Elizabeth's days, the Algerine, Persian, and Chinese pirates; and he has not, of course, omitted sketches of the careers of such eminent practitioners as "Blackbeard" (Thatch or Teach), Kidd, and Avery. The true, old-fashioned, bloody-minded and bloody-handed pirate had little or none of the occasional gallantry of the highwayman; and is a creature more horrible than romantic. But romance gilds the odious calling here and there; and Mr. Chatterton, in cautiously showing what there is of it, gives us a feeling of certainty that there is no more.

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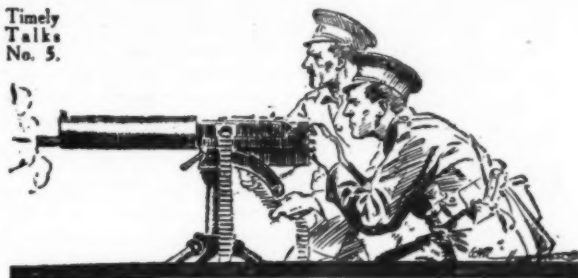
Mr. Vernon Ward's new Cure for Obesity has the cordial approval of the Medical Profession. So much so that, in addition to recommending it to their Patients, Doctors themselves frequently come for Treatment.

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Mr. Vernon Ward extends an invitation to all who are too stout to visit him at his Consulting Rooms, 106 Jermyn Street, S.W., so that he may explain his method, and his kindly and sympathetic consideration of each case is given quite free of any cost.

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there is a certain consolation just now in reading again of what it has done. "The British Army Book" is the very thing. For many years, as will be remembered by readers whom the subject concerns, the "Red Army Book" was a standard and popular work on the British Army. That work forms the basis of the volume before us, wherein the story of "our contemptible little army" (with a small "a") is brought down to the war that we are now up against. The present reviewer hoards his "boys' books" of all sorts until at Christmas he can bestow them with a flourish on the nicest of the nice boys whom he knows and loves; but "The British Army Book" must needs take its station on the shelf as a work of reference. Light and chatty as it is, it is crammed with useful, entertaining, and important facts; and while the war lasts there will be occasion time and again to lift it down for a peep. For in essential details the work is abreast of the hour, whether one's quest be airships and aeroplanes ("the fourth arm"), Territorials, Colonials ("the Lion's whelps"), the Indian regiments on the Continent to-day, despatch work in war, the horse in war (a pathetic subject, properly considered), the amenities of the battlefield, or the possible fate of prisoners taken in the campaign. We are ever so sorry that we cannot give this book to a nice boy. Some reader who can afford it must come to our help.

"Herbert Strang's Book of Adventure Stories" is an affair of another sort; but this also is a genuine piece—"records of real incidents told by those who took a personal part in them"—and the Christmas boy will get a headache over it, because he will not put it down unfinished; and (if this occurs to any prospective purchaser who has not a convenient boy at his coat-tails) it would be grand for the convalescent ward of a soldiers' hospital. There is soldiering in it, and mining, and ranging, and ranching, and gum-hunting; and several particular creeps.

On the whole, however, the best of the batch may be the last on the list. "Maybe," we say; for, each of the lot being excellent, we would, if we were betting on their merits, hedge the bet. For sheer use, after the pleasure of the reading, it might be "The British Army Book." For sheer excitement it would probably be "Every Boy's Book of Heroes." And from this roll, on which are inscribed the names of Livingstone, Gordon, the Midshipman Lucas who won the first V.C., and "Lucknow Kavanagh," who won the second or third, we shall select two men, engineers, names all but unknown, who, a few years ago, did of their own simple valor what is perhaps the bravest thing recorded in the annals of the world. A cold sweat flowed on our hands as we read the story: the rescue of a steeplejack, who had fainted on a nine-inch plank two hundred feet above the ground, by two heroes, McWhirter and McLelland, who had never before in their lives put to the proof the horror of the empty air. Laying down the book at the finish of this story—and still sweating at the palms—we ransacked memory for a parallel in respect of naked valor spurred by itself alone to the forlornest effort for a life, and could find none. It is, we believe, the narrative of a deed unique in history. On a platform, varying in breadth from nine to twenty inches, not so much as a rail at their backs, and two hundred feet high in the air, the rescuers had to carry a fainting man clean round a chimney belching fumes of gas, hoist a cradle to fix him in, lash him into it, and launch him through the air:—

"For a second or so the rescuers looked at each other; they said nothing, but each read in the other's eyes the thought that lay behind—whatever the risk, the man must be got round to the tackle. Grimly they bent their backs. McLelland seized the man's legs, McWhirter took his head, and, the latter walking backwards, they began the perilous journey."

The rest shall be left to the reader.

The Week in the City.

THE German raid on the North-East Coast has driven thoughts of business out of most people's minds. In spite of the artificial tributes to the Admiralty which appear in the press, there is a sharp feeling of disappointment that the raiders were not caught on their way home. There is also, it must be admitted, a good deal of uneasiness owing to the fact that, in one notorious case, the Admiralty is believed to have suppressed important news. This has done more to weaken confidence than any of the published acknowledged mishaps that have befallen the Navy. The news from Austro-Hungary is thought to promise a possible breakdown of hostilities. I have also heard several accounts from Germany which indicate a great revulsion of feeling. One is from a neutral banker, who found his friends in Berlin quite ready to acknowledge that the plan of campaign had failed. A fair amount of investment business is going on, but the members of the London Stock Exchange are still disputing as to the terms and conditions of re-opening. Seeing that several of the provincial Exchanges have already opened, it must be confessed that the prestige of London is likely to suffer for this delay. The Money Market is still easy, and some of the exchanges are fairly active. German paper has recovered some of its value in the last two or three weeks, owing, it is supposed, partly to exports of gold by the German Government to Holland, partly to the raising of credits in New York, and partly to sales of American securities which were held in Berlin. There is some speculation as to whether the gold exports will be acknowledged in the Reichsbank return. Our home trade remains good, owing to Government orders; but prospects after the war are appalling. Nobody sees how order is to be evolved out of chaos, how heavy bankruptcies are to be avoided, or how lost ground is to be recovered.

WAR MATERIAL COMPANIES.

Though the advent of war, and the dislocation which it caused, has rendered unsaleable, or much reduced, the values of most securities, there are a few whose holders may gain more or less satisfaction from the thought that their dividends are likely to be increased through the profits they are making out of Government contracts. The ammunition companies no doubt are working at full pressure, and many industrial concerns whose business does not touch armaments or munitions have adapted themselves to the production of shell-cases and other things which do not require very specialized plant. The shares of such companies have naturally been in demand by those "in the know," and the following list of a few shares, either of recognized armament companies or of those whose securities have risen since the outbreak of war, will show where higher profits are expected:—

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